





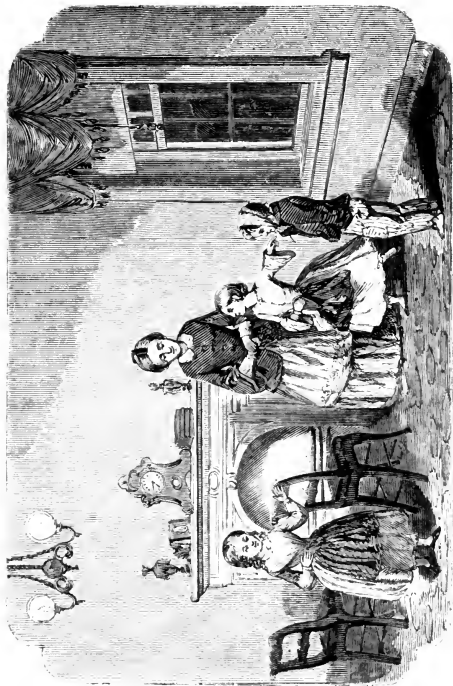
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"Here he is poor Boy!"

Catal'e and Rosalie

# CORALIE AND ROSALIE,

## THE LITTLE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

"It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong."

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE MOUSE IN THE PANTRY."

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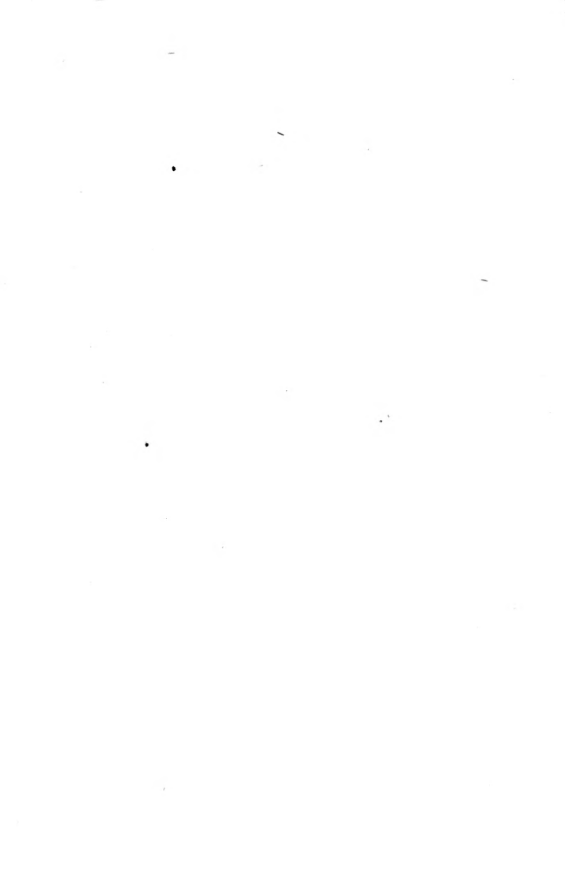
To my Niece,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HER AUNT.

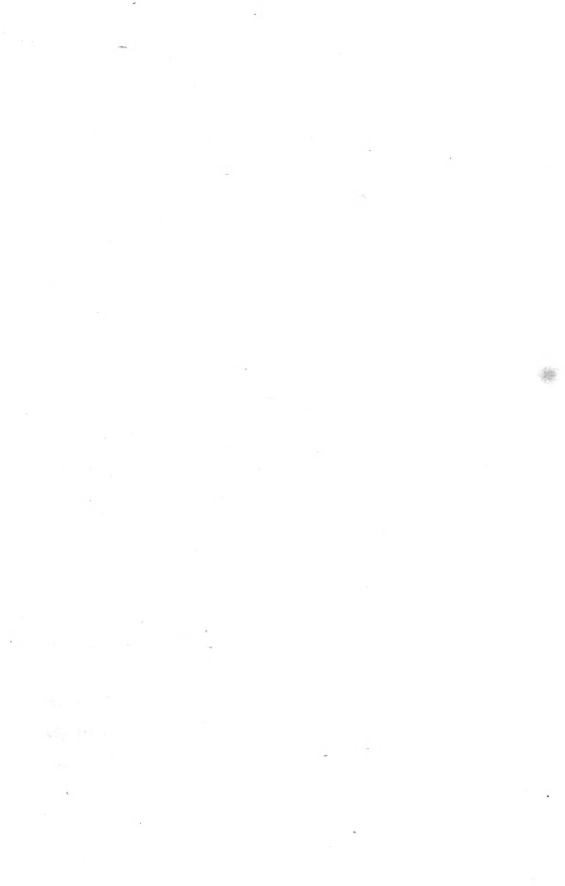
CLIFFLAND, Sept., 1858—

*Feast of St. Michael and All Angels.*



“MY LITTLE CHILDREN, LET US NOT LOVE IN WORD, NEITHER IN TONGUE ; BUT IN DEED AND IN TRUTH.”

1 JOHN, III. 18.



# CORALIE AND ROSALIE,

## THE LITTLE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

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### CHAPTER I.

“WE are almost home. Come! wake up, little ones.” The speaker was a portly-looking, silver-haired gentleman, who had been jostled out of a sound sleep by a sudden turn of the carriage. “Dear me! I think I must have been napping it myself. Where are you both?”

“Here, sir,” said a faint little voice at his side.

“Both crowded in there, eh? Why, you are not big enough to be worth much. This travelling is a tiresome business, and I am heartily glad to be on dry land again. Come!

don't go to sleep again, for we are almost home."

"We have not been asleep, sir," said the same little voice.

"You have not, eh? What is the use of saying that? Children are always going to sleep. When I was a child, I was forever taking naps on the sly; especially in the dark. This ride is interminable; I hope we'll be home in time for tea. Here! one of you see if you can tell me the time; for I cannot see without my glasses." He took out his watch, and held it in the rays of one of the gas lamps in the street, as they passed.

"Ten minutes past eight, sir." The voice was a trifle fainter this time.

"Who is that, now?"

"Rosalie, sir."

"Ah yes, I am sure to know it—the echo chirp, like two little wrens. Well, we'll soon be home now. Cheer up!" At this moment, the carriage gave such a lurch on one side of the street, that it drew the gentleman's at-



tention to bad streets, bad driving, stupid drivers, and a host of other disagreeables, and he quite forgot his first intention, to entertain the little girls, until the carriage stopped at his own door.

“No—yes! why, we are really home. Halloo, you stupid! get down, and pull that bell, and don’t stop until the door is open. Come, hurry yourself, sir! I cannot carry children, bags, bundles, and trunks, and ring up the folks too.”

“We can walk, sir,” mildly urged a little voice.

“Not a bit of it. That was Coralie that spoke then, I know. Hold on tight, little wren; now for the other one on my right arm—that is it.” And Mr. Somerville, who seemed utterly to ignore his nieces’ having feet, or else the ability to use them, carried them up the steps into the hall, and then into the parlor,—not stopping till he had placed them side by side in a huge arm-chair.

“There, Charlotte, how are you? A kiss

first. Why, Ernest, my boy, give us your hand. Come, little ones, kiss your aunt and cousin, and make friends."

The little girls got out of their chair, and walked to their strange aunt, and put up their faces for her kiss; the same to the young man, who laughed and asked them if they would lay off their bonnets and stay to tea, in a way that seemed to amuse the old gentleman exceedingly, for he slapped him on the back, and said—

"Ah! Ernest, you're a sad rogue." Then turning to the children,—“Now, little folks, off with your bonnets. I suspect they are half famished, Charlotte; and as for myself, I think a hearty tea will not come amiss.”

Mrs. Somerville stated that tea had been waiting some time, and arose to lead the way to the dining-room.

The poor little maidens could make nothing of a meal. They crumbled their bread and made ineffectual attempts to swallow the hot tea, and looked so homesick and tired that Mr.

Somerville, to his own great relief, made a discovery,—that they were sleepy. Acting upon this hint, Mrs. Somerville rang for her maid, and requested her to take the children up to the nursery to Honor.

“Indeed, it’s I that will care for them, and get them right to bed,” said kind old Honor, taking them in her capacious arms. “It’s tired they are, and a night’s rest will be the best thing for them.” And with a motherly kiss bestowed on each pale face, she saw them safely tucked in bed, not, however, without many kind words and looks.

“O Cora,” said Rosalie, when the nurse had left them, “it is so strange here, and I am so unhappy!” A strong sob came with the last words as she sat up in the bed, and looked around the strange, dark room.

“Ah! papa has gone, and left us alone in the world.”

“And such a big, big world, Cora dear—such a lonesome place for us!” And Rosalie leaned against her sister, and cried bitterly.

“Poor little Rose, we will try to think of our promise to papa,—to love Uncle Charles and be good little girls.”

“But that will not be like having papa with us, and living in our own dear home, Cora.”

“I know that, Rose, but we can try to be happy here, and mind aunt and uncle; then perhaps they will love us after awhile—only it is lonely now all alone.” And the little consoler ended in a burst of tears, as she flung her arms around her sister’s neck. It was but for a moment, though; for, quickly recovering herself, she raised her head and spoke soothing words, patted the pillow softly, and laid Rosalie’s tired head gently back, and with a low, murmuring, cooing noise, lulled her to rest.

“Poor little wee ones,” said Honor, looking in upon the sleeping children before going to her cot-bed in the adjoining room; “it makes my heart sore to see them looking so lonesome like. I’ll do my best for them, and that is the truth.” She gave her nose a long blow as she turned away.

Mrs. Somerville was a very good-tempered lady,—very fond of driving out with her handsome son, and very fond of her ease, and a quiet house when at home. One can imagine, therefore, that she was not exactly the person to have the care of her husband's orphan nieces. Kind she certainly was when they met, which was very seldom,—kind in giving them a nod and smile of recognition, or extending two fingers for them to shake, and thinking that all that was expected of her. It never crossed her mind that they were pining for affectionate caresses, and a parent's love. They had their own apartments in one part of the house, and old Honor to tend them; were brought down to the parlor every day for a certain length of time, and on Sunday nights took tea with the family; but were so intensely quiet and timid, and so glad to get back to Honor again, that Mrs. Somerville felt it a relief when the evening was over.

Mr. Somerville's method of entertaining them was carrying them to the window to look

out, and around the parlors to see the paintings that hung upon the walls,—always telling them to ask for any thing they wanted, and to be good children, and mind Aunt Charlotte.

But in the kind nurse's company the children gradually became accustomed to their new home. They were more quiet than children generally, and cared very little to play with the dolls and toys with which their uncle liberally presented them. Rosalie was too languid and homesick; and Coralie preferred sewing for her doll to playing with it, and would rather listen to Honor's stories, or read to herself, than indulge in the restless amusements of children.

"This is a dreary night for the poor bodies without a roof to shelter them from the cold storm," said Honor, drawing up her big chair to the nursery fire, a snowy November afternoon. The room showed no signs of gloom. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and Honor in front of it, and the little ones, in small arm-chairs opposite to each other, each by the side

of the fire, made altogether a very comfortable twilight picture to look in upon. Dreary and desolate it was to turn to the window, and see through the curtains the snow whirling down ; while the wind wailed and moaned so bitterly, so relentlessly cold, that Rosalie, who had never seen such a storm before, was frightened, and at last drew her chair near to Honor's, and laid her head in the old woman's lap.

"Aunty dear," said Coralie, who had been gazing silently into the fire for some minutes, "do those good ladies you told of in your story go out in the cold, dark nights like this?"

"Sure and they do, my jewel, any time at all to do a good turn for a fellow-creature. That is all they live for—and a blessed thing it must be to be always doing somebody a good turn."

"Oh, yes!" Coralie rubbed her small hands together in her eagerness, as she answered. "Aunty, if I was a woman, that is what I would be,—a sister of charity,—and go all

over, and pick up the little girls without any fathers and mothers, and try to do them good."

"And let me help you, Cora dear?"

"Why, of course, little Rose; how could I do it unless you helped me? O aunty! if I only could—if I only could be of some use! I wish I was grown up."

"Ah! my pets, 'tis the Lord puts the good feelings into your hearts, and the good seed will never run to waste."

"Do you think God put that thought into Cora's heart, aunty?"

"Ay, ay, rosebud." Honor patted the little head that lay in her lap.

"Then it is not wrong for me to wish so to do something for somebody,—to do some good?" asked Coralie.

"Indeed, then, sorra a harm in it, my darling, that I can sec. How that wind roars in the chimney!"

"Rose, if we only could!" continued Coralie. "How sorry I feel for the poor children that have no home to-night." She walked to the



window and peered out. It was dusky twilight, and for a time she leaned against the casement, looking thoughtfully down into the street. Suddenly her attention was attracted. "Rose, do come here," she said. "Can you see? Is that not a boy sitting down on the ground, the other side of the tree?"

"It is something, Cora, for it moves."

"Yes—yes! Oh, aunty dear, can I bring him in?" And the usually quiet child turned eagerly to the door, and before Honor could answer, ran from the room, down stairs, opened the front door, and beckoned the boy to her. She travelled as quickly back to the nursery. "Here he is. Poor boy! he is wet and ragged, and so cold! Take my chair and sit close up to the fire. Aunty dear, how he shivers!"

"His feet are all wet," said Rosalie, half crying.

"You're crazy to be out such a night. What brought you to the street? You better be off home as soon as you get a good warming," said Honor.

“Haven’t any. I’m all by myself. My! but that’s the fine fire.”

“Have you no father nor mother?”

“They’re both on ’em dead. Mickey brought me to this country, and he’s dead too, and I am all alone now. But I niver expected to see such a fine fire the night.” And the boy gave a shrill little whistle, and put his head on one side, drawing down his eye so knowingly, that both of the children smiled.

“I’ll not be the one to let the orphan want for food, when I can get it for him. But first, my pretty ones, the mistress’s leave to keep him for the night.”

Mrs. Somerville’s permission gained, arrangements were made to stow the boy away in one of the garret rooms, for a night’s rest. After a hearty meal and the influence of a warm fire, the boy, who gave his name as Pat Flynn, grew quite lively,—said he was going to get his living somehow; he had not yet made up his mind in what way; but it was his determination to try; and he had started

out that very day for the purpose. In gratitude for the kindness he had received, he offered then and there to teach the young ladies to whistle, and dance an Irish reel, which they laughingly declined.



## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Honor, going down for the children's breakfast, found Pat hard at work in the back kitchen, cleaning knives and whistling fiercely.

"The sunshine brighten you, ma'am, this fine mornin'. How are the pretty ladies? Sure, ma'am, they're as like as these two knives, barring the sharpness; I thought each one was the other one all the time." And Pat, who had left off work to make his bow, betook himself to his knife-scouring with fresh vigor.

"Well, Honor, I am weak with laughing at that boy," said the cook, putting her red face in at the door. "As true as I stand here, he has been going on just that way ever since daylight. First he polished the master's boots,

then Mr. Ernest's—as bright as diamonds he has them too; then he shovelled away the snow from the stoop and walk, besides cleaning the yard for me, and dancing around between times. Oh, he's a knowing one!"

"Holloo there! who is that whistling down stairs?"

The cook went hurriedly back to her beef-steak, that she was broiling for breakfast, and Pat as suddenly ceased whistling, and said—

"'Tis me, sir."

"And who is me, I should like to know?"

"Pat Flynn, sir." And the boy dropped his knife and cloth, caught a pair of boots in each hand, and ran up stairs.

"What are you doing here, Pat Flynn?"

"The mistress gave me lodgings last night, sir."

"Oh, you ragged specimen! she did, eh? Come in the dining-room, and let us have a look at you. Why, Charlotte, it seems you have turned Lady Bountiful. You did not tell me about this boy."

Mrs. Somerville raised her languid eyes, as she said, "The children asked me if some boy could be kept all night, and I suppose this must be the one."

"Have you no home, my man?"

"Sorra a one but this, sir." And the little freckled face was turned shrewdly up to Mr. Somerville, and it said, as plainly as little face could say, "You'll not be able to resist that appeal." "I am all alone, sir. Mickey died a week ago, and not a hand's turn could I find to do since. But if you keep me, sir, you'll niver repent. I can do all sorts of work—run errands, wait on the door, scour knives, and scrub."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"As good as a year, sir. Mickey took sick on shipboard, and niver knew a well day afterwards. We went to the hospital—and he's after dying now." The boy smothered something very like a sob in a whistle, as he finished speaking.

Ernest coming in at this moment, his father

appealed to him; and as he good-naturedly gave his opinion in the boy's favor, Mr. Somerville said he might stay for the present.

"But mind," he said, as Pat was leaving the room, "if I catch you up to any tricks, off you go."

"All right, sir." And Pat ran down to the kitchen, danced around the cook for a minute or more, and then returned to his knife-cleaning in the little back kitchen.

From that day, he became almost indispensable in the house. The boots shone as boots never shone before; the front stoop and walk had not their match for cleanliness; and it was acknowledged, by every member of the family, that there never was such a boy to run errands. As he saved the waiter many steps, she was a good friend to him; as the cook found him handy in the kitchen, she was glad to have him around; and as the coachman was not called upon, as of old, to run errands, he was disposed to favor him. And as he was also as frolicsome as a kitten, and full of Irish wit,

he kept them in such a good humor that he soon became very popular in the kitchen. Mr. Somerville noticed him, and was pleased that he behaved well; and after a fortnight had passed, concluded to inquire about him at the hospital where the brother had died. He was doubly pleased to find the boy's statement true; and knowing now that he was so utterly alone in the world, told him that as long as he behaved himself he would keep him.

So Pat, with a grateful heart, strove to make himself of use to everybody. He was quick enough in his movements at all times, but it was amusing to see him do any thing for the young ladies. His legs moved with such rapidity, that Rosalie said "he rolled;" and when the sisters dined with their aunt and uncle, or come to tea Sunday evenings, Pat was fairly bewitched. He *would* come in and wait on the "wee ladies." Tidy Sarah could not keep him away; and there, stationed behind their chairs,—with eyes turning from side to side, and distended cheeks,—he would thrust a plate



of bread or a glass of water at them every second, constantly on the watch to hand them something—with a glow of satisfaction on his face that made it well worth seeing.

Mr. Somerville engaged a daily governess for his nieces—a quiet, middle-aged woman, who came four hours every day. With this exception, their time was at their own disposal; and out of school hours, one hour in the afternoon or evening was devoted to instructing Pat in spelling and reading.

After their own school hours, they walked out, accompanied by the old nurse. Once in awhile, Mrs. Somerville took them with her in the carriage, for a short drive; but the children were so afraid of her, that it was no enjoyment to them. They could not trust their own voices, and if Ernest was with them it was even worse. He would tease his cousins the whole time—laugh at them, and call them “the little nuns;” and take a deal of trouble to “draw them out,” as he expressed it, which generally ended in utterly silencing them, and

sending Rosalie's crimson, tearful face almost into her sister's lap.

He was not intentionally unkind—only thoughtless; and half to amuse them, and from real ignorance of the way to do it, and perhaps a little to amuse himself, worried them. Mrs. Somerville enjoyed it—she always did any of Ernest's tricks; for that handsome-faced youth was the very idol of his mother's heart—and it was a marvel, after years of indulgence and flattery, that he was really so good-natured a fellow.

His little cousins,—shy, silent, timid, and quaint-looking in their black dresses and bonnets,—were very comical objects to the young man; and timid Rosalie after a while grew so afraid of him, that she would run away to their room if she heard his step in the hall, and keep hidden till he had gone out. But happily Ernest's attention was not often taken up with them. He was seldom home, and they managed to keep out of his way, excepting on Sunday evenings, when, tired of books,

and papers, and of his own company, he bothered the children for the purpose of keeping himself awake.

The little girls' pleasantest times were the evenings in the nursery. There, seated by the cheerful fire, Pat also an eager listener, Honor would beguile the time with stories of her life in Ireland; and at these times, too, Coralie would tell of her great plan of doing good when she grew up; and Pat would listen delightedly,—proud that his young ladies would take him in their confidence. He made great exertions to learn all his teachers endeavored to impart to him, not only in mere reading and spelling, but in giving up some bad habits,—one of which was using improper words.

Many strange talks they would have together. Pat, in his eager desire to learn, would ask such odd questions that the little girls would be puzzled to answer. At these times, Coralie, generally the spokeswoman, would say—

“I think, Pat, somehow, we will know when

we grow up ; but at any rate, we must say our prayers and read the Bible ; and if we try to do it right, I suppose it will come after awhile."

"And renounce the devil and all his works," said Pat, as if talking to himself. They were sitting together in the nursery, having one of their talks. Honor had left the room shortly before. "It seems aisy, miss, when we say it off straight that way, but it's surprising how hard it is. It's worth trying for, miss dear, I suppose?"

"Indeed it is, Pat ; to go to heaven when we die. Think of that!"

"It is so nice, miss, to hear you say it. I get it more into my head when you tell it to me."

"I think it is part not wishing for things,—I mean when I wish to have papa back," said Rosalie. "I suppose it makes the wish wrong, because I get so cross and unhappy somehow ; so wishing must be one of the bad things to renounce."

"Ah ! then, Miss Rosie dear, I cannot see

how ye get troubled that way; but it's the rare bad ones like me that might get bothered considerable—and would, only for the recollection Miss Cora and you bring me to in studying the catechism.”

“About the promises in baptism, you mean, that makes us members of Christ and children of God.”

“That same, Miss Cora dear.”

“Rosie, how papa used to say that over and over when he looked at us, and ask us never to forget it!”

“Yes, the time when he was very sick, Cora.” Rosalie’s lip quivered as she spoke.

“Ah! miss,” said Pat, looking from one to the other, “I could not have known it but for ye’es both.”

“You say you were baptized when a baby, Pat. So it is all the same—only you had no one to remind you before.”

“Strange, miss, that it should be through ye’es I’m made to think about it. It seems queer to think, instead of being so alone as I

felt after Mickey's death, that there is a God in heaven watching over me. I wish the knowing it wouldn't get out of my head so, sometimes."

"I suppose it is good to keep on trying to like things that are right, even if they do not seem pleasant," said Coralie. "I feel so tired in church, in sermon times, some Sundays. The minister here is not at all like dear papa, and it is so unlike our own church at home. Papa wanted us to go every Sunday, and I ought not to think the sermon long."

"Was your papa a minister, miss dear?"

"Oh, yes; and so good, and kind to everybody," said Rosalie. "How we used to love to go to church at home, Cora!" Rose brightened at the thought of her own dear home. "But I used to get tired in sermon time at home, too, but not as often as I do here. When I don't understand, I try to think that papa would like us to go, and that helps take away the tired part sometimes."

"Well, I'll go, whenever the Master gives

me lave," said Pat; "for, if you say so, I know it is not right to be staying home."

As time passed, the children grew more and more fond of the kind old nurse, and of Pat, their willing friend and true champion in all difficulties.

It was curious to see the boy's behavior when with them—such a mixture of respect and protection;—curious to see his earnest endeavors to do their teaching credit; the battles he had with the alphabet, before he mastered it; and when he had mastered it, the unheard-of exertions he made to spell; and how, after all, he became so hopelessly entangled in words of two syllables, and grew so mystified, that Coralie was almost in despair of ever getting at the catechism, and accordingly formed the plan of making him repeat the answers after her. This succeeded admirably, for in one month he was able to repeat the first part of the catechism, and yet was as deeply perplexed as ever in the spelling-lessons.

To Honor, in their daily walks, Coralie and

Rosalie talked of the future, and of Coralie's castles in the air,—which castles were hospitals and homes for orphan children. But she had one drawback. It was her intention to save her pocket-money towards this great object, but she found it a difficult task, for every beggar she passed, who asked her for a penny, Coralie had not the heart to refuse; and Rosalie, at these times, always forgot about their scheme. The consequence was, their funds never increased; but this circumstance did not abate their zeal in the scheme.

The little street-beggars and cross-walk sweepers soon began to know the children, who walked the same road each day, followed by the old woman.

“Here comes the little nuns, Tag,” said, on one of these occasions, a muddy, ragged girl, lifting up a stick with a knobby substance upon the end, supposed to be a broom; “run ahead and sweep by the gutter.”

Tag, who was just then engaged in rendering her features unprepossessing—in plain words,



making a face at a stout old gentleman who had shaken his cane at her—immediately drew her face into a sorrowful expression, walked to the place her companion indicated, and began her work.

“There is the poor, muddy little girl again, Cora. I have my last penny. How glad I am that I have one left!”

“Ah! my pets, don’t be after minding them things—’tis no use at all. Haven’t they stood there every day this three weeks, just taking the money out of your pockets?—and it’s my belief they’re no good.”

“But, aunty, they are very poor. They have no hats on, and their feet are bare; and see how sick she looks. I know she must be sick.” And Coralie urged the old woman on, with her persuasive tones.

“Please, little ladies, if you’ll give me another, I’ll sing for you,” said the girl, on receiving the money.

“Can you sing a hymn?” said Rosalie.

“Well, no, I don’t know that tune; but I

can do 'Pop goes the weasel.' Please, little ladies, only one penny more. My mother is sick, and my father broke his leg yesterday, and we haven't got any thing in the house to eat."

"We have no more money," said Rosalie, looking distressed; "and I do wish you could learn something better—"

"Out of the way there, and stop telling stories!" cried a policeman coming up. "If you have had one cent, you have had two dozen this very afternoon, for I have seen them with my own eyes. Out of the way! or I will lock you up somewhere."

"The young street-sweeper ran off pretty nimbly at this threat, and Rosalie and Coralie wended their way homeward with saddened countenances.

"Ah! my pets, ye mustn't be minding the likes of them with their stories; it is no use to notice them."

"They must be very poor, though, aunty," said Rosalie.

"But it is not much they need. 'Tis my belief you'll be doing no good; 'tis only throwing away money."

"But if they are poor, aunty? The minister reads in church every Sunday, that if we never turn our faces away from the poor, God will never turn His face away from us."

"So he does, Miss Cora dear. You're right, but I suppose the proper judgment will come to you, one day, about such things. I believe it is the Lord that puts the good thoughts in your hearts, my pets, and I'll no say against it."

"If she would not tell stories. I wonder if any one has told her it is wrong. Oh! how I wish some one would talk to her, Cora!" said Rosalie.

Coralie could but echo the wish, and console herself and her sister with thoughts of what they would do if they were women, instead of children.

So the winter glided away, and spring came; the little girls living a life apart from their relatives, in the quiet house.

## CHAPTER III.

“ROSE,” said Coralie one afternoon, “will you teach Pat his lessons to-day? I feel tired, and do not care about it.” She leaned back in her chair, letting her book fall in her lap.

It was so very unusual for Coralie to show any signs of fatigue, that Rosalie made large eyes at this request. Coralie smiled, and said “she believed she was only lazy, and wanted to sit quiet awhile.”

Rosalie willingly agreed, and had just pushed the table to the window, and seated herself thereat, when Pat tapped at the door. He had his books and slate.

“Rose will be teacher to-day, Pat, and I will sit here by the fire and listen,” said Coralie.

Rosalie took the book.

“Now, Pat,” she said, as he sat down opposite her, “we will begin with the spelling-lesson.”

“If we do, then, miss, we’ll niver get further to-day, for it’s just as much as I can do to study them at all, they twist my mouth so intirely. The verses and the big printed reading I know better.”

Truth to tell, Pat bungled so much worse than usual, and so twisted his tongue to get the words out properly, that it brought a smile to Rosalie’s face; and Coralie ventured the remark that she was afraid he had not studied his lesson as well as he might have done.

“Indeed, then, miss dear, I pored over it two hours or more last night after supper, and had drames about it, too; for as true as you sit there, miss, I thought I was shut up in a box, higher than the house, only not so wide, but all narrow like, just big enough for me to stand in without touching the sides—as slim as myself that is, miss. Well, I thought it was all lined with spelling-lessons from one end to

the other, and that I had to crawl up and down, and larn every column before breakfast. But wasn't I glad to find it was only a drame, when I woke up. Try the verses and the catechism, plase, Miss Rosie. I get on better with them."

In these Pat acquitted himself so well, that Rosalie asked her sister if she might give him a new task. Coralie did not answer this question, though twice repeated, which caused Pat to look up quickly, fearing he was in disgrace. She was sitting quite still, gazing into the fire, her head leaning on her hands.

"Cora, is any thing the matter?"

Rosalie walked over to her, and Coralie, now thoroughly aroused by her sister's alarmed tone of voice, turned around. Rosalie saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Are you sick, Cora dear? What is the matter? Let me call aunty. Tell me what it is."

"No, no! don't call any one, Rosie. I only felt a little badly—perhaps because I do not

feel very strong to-night ; and I got thinking, and that made me act silly.”

Coralie attempted a smile, but the tears were now falling rapidly down her cheeks, and the smile got lost in them. This was such unusual behavior for Coralie, that Rose, who was getting more and more alarmed, and half ready to cry, too, came and put her arm over the back of her sister's chair, looking sad enough.

“ I have felt strangely for some time,” continued Coralie. “ I have felt it so hard to do any thing—such an exertion to move ; not exactly weak, but so tired when I walk ; and I have been thinking I would not walk out this afternoon, for I dread the walking up-stairs afterwards. I know I am not sick. It is only so hard for me to move. My feet seem to have weights to them,—it sometimes takes me so long to stir them.”

“ Maybe, miss dear, 'tis a fever you're getting,” said Pat, looking dolefully at them. “ It is apt to make one wake and quare like.”

“But I do not feel hot, and my head does not ache. That is the way to have a fever. No, Pat, ’tis not a fever; it is something in my legs and feet: and as I sat here I could not help thinking—thinking that perhaps it might go on so, and that I should not be able, after awhile, to walk at all. Do not persons get so sometimes?”

“O Cora dear, it is not so; that is so dreadful! Little girls never get so; it is only old people—isn’t it, Pat?”

Pat looked doubtful, shook his head, and said he never knew much about such things, but that he guessed Miss Coralie must be very tired. Anyways they would tell Honor when she came in, and get her opinion.

When Honor came up, she listened to the children’s statement of the case; then, after asking Coralie the same questions Rosalie had already asked, and then ever so many more that brought not much more light on the subject, she said cheerfully that she thought it would all be right in time, and Coralie must



keep up a good heart. Nevertheless Honor had strong misgivings in her own mind, and leaving the children shortly after, went down to the parlor to acquaint Mr. Somerville with the facts, and to ask for advice about seeing a physician. She did not speak of her own suspicions, merely telling the symptoms Coralie had told her.

It roused even Mrs. Somerville to something like interest; and Mr. Somerville, with his usual impetuosity, rushed from the room to the nursery, captured both children, and brought them to the parlor—Pat following close at his heels. Confronting his nieces with the nurse, he requested her to tell it all over again, much to Honor's confusion, who knew the children were surprised at the haste with which she had carried the news to their uncle.

Before listening to it, however, he dispatched Pat for the doctor; and after giving Honor another hearing, employed himself walking the length of the room, wondering what kept

the boy so, and whether there ever was a doctor handy when he was wanted.

"Now really, Charles, you are unreasonable," said Mrs. Somerville, as her husband came down the room the sixth or seventh time. "You have not allowed the boy time to get there, and you are frightening the poor children."

"No, my dear, I hope not. I only want to have a word or two with the doctor. It may be nothing, after all, but some of your old woman notions, Honor. Don't get frightened, my dears. I think Doctor Conover can tell us what is to be done. You do not feel sick, little wren?"

"No, sir—oh, no! only tired."

"Try if you can stand up by me." Mr. Somerville stopped in his walk, and lifted her from the chair. "You can stand as well as anybody, child. You're only nervous. Walk over to your aunt."

Coralie's face grew crimson, and she rested her hand heavily on the back of the chair.

“Why, what is the matter? Don’t be frightened. Rosie, take hold of your sister’s hand.”

“No, Rose. I can do it now, uncle.” And Coralie walked slowly across the room, to her aunt, seemingly with ease; but Mr. Somerville quickly detected in her face the exertion it had been to her, and he glanced uneasily at his wife.

“How did it make you feel, little one?”

“Tired at first, and as if I should fall; but it went over after I got fairly walking. It always does.”

“Umph! Sit down there, my dear. You want rest, and a little medicine to set you all right again. Now, here is Rosie—I would have expected her to get sick. With that pale face of hers, it would not have been surprising. Are you sure you are quite steady on your legs, wren?”

Mr. Somerville, as if to test their strength, jocosely lifted Rosalie up and down from the floor, and then made her walk through the

room. It was not until she had walked twice from one parlor to the other, at a running pace, that he seemed satisfied. He then, in a relieved tone of voice, pronounced her "all right."

"Now, my dear," said he, addressing Coralie, "it is quite clear to my mind that you need a good course of living—plenty of beef and milk, that will fatten you a little. You are too thin. That is all that is required. Mrs. Somerville, you may depend upon it that is all."

"And what about the medicine you were speaking of, Charles?"

"Pshaw! nonsense, my love. Did I say medicine? Well, it would do, only we will try the other plan first. I wish the doctor would come, though he does not know any better than I what to do—if he knows half as well. You see, my love, I am right. I know more about physic than a whole college of surgeons. I declare! if a half hour has not passed since I sent the boy! It is enough to wear a person out to be kept waiting so."

Mr. Somerville was getting quite excited, and Mrs. Somerville accordingly advised his looking out at the door, as she thought in all probability the doctor was coming. On opening the front door for that purpose, Mr. Somerville's heated temper rapidly cooled, for he saw Pat running along on the opposite side-walk, and Doctor Conover following him at a rapid rate. Mr. Somerville in his eagerness ran out, and the two old gentlemen, smiling and bowing, met in the middle of the street, much to the amusement of the passers by.

"Dear me! Mr. Somerville, is any thing serious the matter? This boy hurried me so, that I feared some one was alarmingly ill. I never saw such a spry object as he is in all my life. But, my dear friend, you will most certainly take cold, if you stand with uncovered head in the street.

"Sure enough! I have forgotten my hat. The fact is, doctor, I was so glad to see you, that I forgot all about my head. I want your advice. But come into the house, where we

can talk. Here is a three-cent piece for you, Pat."

"No, sir, but I thank you all the same. I would go twice as far, sir, to oblige *my* young ladies, and think it no work at all, sir, but a pleasure, sir."

"Good boy! good boy! If you keep on with such principles, you will make a fine man," and the doctor patted him on the head, and smiled kindly at him.

Doctor Conover listened attentively to Mr. Somerville's account of his niece; then asked the little girl a number of questions, made her walk, asked Honor about their mode of living, then looked at them both attentively; said he would see what could be done, pinched their cheeks, patted their heads, and told Mr. Somerville that would do; and led him out into the dining-room, where both gentlemen stayed so long, that Honor, getting tired of waiting, went away up to the nursery, and Pat returned to his duties in the kitchen.

Rosalie and Coralie looked out of the win-

dow as long as it was light enough to see, and then in fear of disturbing their aunt, who appeared to be asleep, sat still in the darkness until Sarah came in to close the blinds and light the gas. Mrs. Somerville roused herself, then, sufficiently to tell them they might amuse themselves looking at the pictures in some of the books on the centre-table, and sank back on her sofa.

The children became so interested in the book that they forgot about the doctor's visit, and did not hear the door close when he left, nor any sound but the tea-bell, and immediately afterwards their uncle's voice, telling them they were to drink tea with him to-night, as Ernest was away, and he felt lonesome.

It was not surprising that Mr. Somerville should carry Coralie into the dining-room, for, as we have seen already, it was one of his ways of amusing his nieces. But it was surprising that he carried only Coralie, letting Rosalie walk by them, and get into her chair without his assistance, and yet placing Coralie

in hers with the greatest care; then sending her a taste of every thing on the table, within his reach—insisting that she must eat heartily; and even after tea, saying that he would make a baby of her, and so carried her all the way to the nursery. It looked bright and warm in the room, and Mr. Somerville stopped by the fire a moment to say something hopeful to Coralie about the future, and giving Honor directions to be careful of her.

“Please, Uncle Charles,” said Coralie, as he walked to the door, “stay awhile, I want to speak to you.”

“Certainly, certainly, my dear.” Mr. Somerville came back at once, and sat down, telling Honor, as he did so, that she could go to her tea.

“I wanted to ask you, Uncle Charles, about that—that the doctor said.”

“Ah! yes. He said it was weakness, debility—some such sort of thing; said we must take good care of you, and take you into the country, and let you have fresh air, drink



milk, live out of doors, and have a good time generally, and be as lazy as you please. That will be good fun, won't it, Rosie, my dear? You'll be down on the beach picking shells, or rambling through the woods, and getting as rosy and brown as country lasses."

Rosalie looked delighted at this pleasant picture, and Coralie murmured assent in an absent manner, and resting her hand on her uncle's chair, said—

"Uncle Charles, please to tell what else the doctor said about me. Did he say I would get worse?"

"Well! ah!" Mr. Somerville gazed all around the room before he could summon courage to look in his niece's face.

"Please tell me, uncle. I would rather know."

Mr. Somerville took a long breath. "He said a good deal, my dear, used a great many big words you wouldn't understand if I did tell you. And though he may be a smart man, he may not know every thing. He thinks it

has been coming on for months, and that we must take you away to the sea-side for change of air."

"But did he *think* I would get better?"

"How perverse it is! What an obstinate little wren she is, to-night, Rosie! We will get her into the country. Doctor Conover thinks that will be good for her."

Mr. Somerville adhered so to this one idea of going to the country, and brought the conversation back to it so every time, that Coralie noticed it.

"Uncle Charles, did not the doctor say I would not be able to walk."

"My poor child! he thought there was danger of it." Mr. Somerville took her hand in his. "Let us hope for the best. Country air and the sea-shore may do wonders for my little wren; and with Pat to draw you about, and Rosy to play with, we'll soon see a change for the better. Look at the bright side, my dear—and really, really, it might be worse." Mr. Somerville casting about in his own mind

for something consoling, could think of nothing else; and it happened very well, for Coralie said *yes* very heartily, and kept repeating it over to herself, and tried hard to think so, as she said it, notwithstanding Rosalie's audible sobs.

Mr. Somerville told his wife, when he went down stairs, that Coralie was a wonderful child—as brave and womanly as a woman of twenty-five, instead of a girl of eleven, and that he would have preferred facing a north-east storm, to saying what he had been obliged to say to her.

Coralie sat looking into the fire a long, long time after Rosalie had flung herself down by her sister, and had ceased crying when Honor came in. The old nurse moved around putting things in place, not wishing to disturb the little people. After she had arranged all to her satisfaction, she wheeled her chair to the fire, and sat down. “It is nigh on to bedtime, my pet,” said she.

“In a little while, aunty dear. Rosie is

nearly asleep now." Rosalie raised her head to show her sister that she was awake.

"I have been thinking," continued Coralie, "of what the doctor told Uncle Charles. Aunty, he thinks I will not be able to walk at all after awhile."

Honor's reply was so indistinct that it sounded like a moan.

"But it might have been worse. Uncle Charles said so."

"Ah! yes, my pet," sighed Honor.

"It seems very bad, indeed, aunty. I cannot see how it could be worse," said Rosalie.

"Rose-bud dear, it might be worse. Supposing now it was blindness."

"O aunty!" Rosalie shuddered at the mere thought.

"Or it had been my arms, Rosie, instead of my feet. I never could do a thing, but sit here and be helpless—never could put my arms round you, this way," and Coralie clasped her tight. "I suppose it is pleasanter after one gets used to it. I do not think I feel

it so much—for I am thinking all the time that it cannot be I, but some other little girl; and as I looked at the fire, after Uncle Charles went away, I found myself pitying the little girl a great deal.”

“Cora, if it had only been I! I do not know how to do without you—I am so afraid. It would not seem so bad if it were I.”

“As if it would not be just as much to me, Rose-bud,” said Coralie, with a touch of her usual bright way in her voice, that gladdened Rosalie very much.

“My dears, it’s the Lord’s will, and we must no say against it.”

“Aunty dear, help me to think that. Tell me, every time I get cross about it. Papa would tell me so. It would not come if it was not right, I suppose.”

“We have had so many sorrows, Cora! First mamma, then papa taken away from us; and now—”

Coralie’s voice trembled, but she said, stoutly—

“Papa told us to love Uncle Charles ; and we have aunty, Rose.”

“O aunty dear ! I did not forget you,” cried tender-hearted Rosalie, fearing Honor’s feelings would be wounded. “I am a very bad girl to talk so.”

Honor, for answer, took her in her arms, kissed her once or twice, rubbed her own eyes with the corner of her apron, declared they were both her darlings, and the comfort of her life—her little jewels—and hoped God would bless and keep them that night and ever ; and then reminded them that it was indeed bedtime—that if they wanted to get strong and well, they must go to bed early.



## CHAPTER IV.

THERE is a charming little cottage, covered with vines and evergreens, so shut in from the road by thick-shrubberied fences, that, passing by, one must needs look quite closely to see it at all. This cottage belongs to Mr. Morton, the clergyman ; and on the hill, just one side of the cottage, a little further back from the road, is the church where Mr. Morton officiates, and preaches every Sunday to the people of Wynn.

Wynn is a scattered-looking village, half a mile north of the parsonage. It is not a place of much note, and only boasts of its fine beach and sea-breezes. Its inhabitants are chiefly fishermen and pilots. But it is not the village we have to do with, this afternoon, but the minister's cottage.

Although, in its beautiful shade of fresh

green, it yesterday seemed a pleasant spot, this bright June afternoon it seems doubly so, in its newer beauty of blossoming roses—these roses that only peeped forth this morning, too; and, I suppose, finding that summer had really come, they threw off their pretty spring wrappers of green, and as the sun smiles such a welcome to them, have taken to smiling themselves in beauty, in every direction. In truth, in some places they have—at this late hour in the day, too—ceased smiling, and are fairly laughing outright, turning pale cheeks and blushing cheeks to the sun, in a very saucy manner indeed.

Roses run up the sides of the house and over the top of the house. Roses mingle with the vines that shade the queer lozenge-shaped window in the roof. In all places where roses can put their heads, there they are, and, uniting their perfumes with the odors from honeysuckle and sweet-brier, scent the air away down to the shore.

There is a lawn from the cottage to the



road, with a thick hedge along the fence—so thick that Arthur Morton, a young gentleman of four years, has not been able to squeeze himself through it in a long time, though he has tried to do so daily, to the great detriment of his clean frocks and aprons.

You have only to cross the road and walk down a hill, and there the beach runs along for miles; and you can see vessels sail by, and watch them as far as the eye can reach. Watching the boats is one of Mr. Arthur Morton's amusements. Here, seated on a bench, listening to the waves washing up on the pebbles, he looks out for vessels, and, with his quick bright eye, can distinguish a schooner, a brig, or a clipper, as easily as his papa can. It is not with the beach, any more than the village, that we have any thing to do this afternoon, but the cottage—rather, I should say, the inmates of the cottage.

Mrs. Morton is standing on the piazza, waiting to welcome her husband, who, having just returned from some parish calls, is giving the

reins to his man Thomas, together with a parting pat to the old brown mare.

"Papa has come!" cried little Arthur Morton, scampering from his mother's side down to the gate, where he gained his usual seat on such occasions—his father's shoulder.

"Mamma, look at me—I am taller than papa!" This was Arthur's great joke, and he always laughed at it himself, and expected his mother to do the same; and if she forgot it, why, Arthur soon reminded her, and would not be satisfied till she had "smiled out loud," as he expressed it.

"Now, young rogue," said Mr. Morton, coming up to the piazza, "tell me whether you have been a good boy this afternoon."

"Yes, sir, only I was cross once—oh, ever such a little bit. Mamma said it was a pin's head cross. I threw dirt on the steps, and mamma told me not to."

"So you were a very little cross, my boy. Well, you have got over the pin's head cross now, and are entitled to a kiss. But seeing he

is such a troublesome fellow, Mary, what shall we do with him?"

"I know," said Arthur; "leave me home to take care of mamma, and if the wild bears come I will shoot them."

"There are no wild bears, Arthur; nothing to catch and tame but a little wild boy."

"I said 'if they came,' papa. They have bears in some countries, I know. I have heard so, and I would not like them to eat my mamma."

"Papa, put the little bear-killer down, and he can go to the kitchen and tell Margery we are ready for tea."

"Yes, I will go, mamma," said Arthur, proud to be sent of an errand, even if it was only as far as the kitchen; and off he went to Margery, to deliver the message. Mr. Morton sat down by his wife on a rustic sofa that stood on the piazza.

"What a quiet afternoon, Mary," said he, "and how lovely it looks here! You must take a walk outside the gate after tea, just to

look at the cottage. The roses are in blossom all over the top—our roses that we planted the first year we came to Wynn. Do you know, my love, we can almost feel proud of our cottage, to-day, in its flower show? If we cannot be proud of the outside, we can be very happy inside of it, it is such a quiet nook. I feel as if I could sit here with you, and enjoy it the rest of the day.”

“Without even caring to tell me where you have been, and what detained you beyond your usual time of returning.”

“No, my love. It is part of my rest to talk to you. As I rode along I said to myself, now I will tell Mary so and so when I get home: it will interest her; or Mary would like to hear about that. And now for your own affairs first. I went to see the people. It is a rough ride, over as hilly a road as there is in this part of the country. I found five children of an age to attend the school—two girls and three boys; and I induced the mother to let them come every Sunday morning. One woman seemed

inclined to come to church, but said she did not know how she could leave her family. I urged them to come down, but I hardly expect them. I shall go over again next week, and perhaps we will see them in the church yet."

"Can the children walk the two miles, Edward?"

"They told me there was another walk to the church, over the fields, that shortened it nearly a mile. The girls seemed to know it about here. They are healthy-looking children—and three of them said they could read. After I left there, I made two or three more visits; and, lastly, called at the white house on the hill—Mr. Somerville's, you know."

"Did you? I am glad of that."

"So am I, now, though I rather disliked the idea, as I have not seen any of them at church, excepting an old woman and a child. Mr. Somerville was very pleasant, very hospitable, and begged me to bring you to call on his wife. He made Mrs. Somerville's excuses to me—said she was lying down, and was suffer-

ing from headache. He took me over his place. He has been making improvements ever since he purchased it, and it is in fine order. After walking through the grounds, we extended our stroll to the shore; and as we went along, Mr. Somerville explained to me the reason he had chosen what he called 'such an out-of-the-world sort of place' to live in. It was for the benefit of a child—his niece."

"The little girl that was at church, Sunday. I thought she looked very delicate."

"No, not for that one, but her sister. Now listen, for I am coming to the most interesting part. We were walking along, I said, and Mr. Somerville was telling me about his niece, and about his physician's recommending a quiet country place for her, when we came up with three children, seated in the shade of a large rock. The centre of attraction seemed to be a little girl, in a sort of carriage-chair—a bright-eyed, pale child, looking not more than nine years old, but really two years older,

as I found out afterwards. Her lap was filled with shells, and she was talking about them very earnestly to another little girl, the exact counterpart of herself—her twin-sister. In fact, the resemblance between them is so great, that, but for their difference in position, it would have been impossible for me to distinguish one from the other. I saw afterwards that the sick one looked less sad than the other—the one that was at church. They both look delicate, though, and I think it a very fortunate circumstance that the doctor prescribed country air for them. They are southern plants, and I fear our northern winter has chilled the poor things—they look so very fragile. A round-faced, freckled boy was picking up shells and handing them to the little girl in the carriage. He also performed the part of pony to the little procession. I do not know when I have been so attracted as I was by the two, I may say, three faces; for certainly the boy was as fine a specimen of a quick-witted Irish lad as I have ever seen. I

think the little girls were rather afraid of me at first: they seem unused to strangers; but we got on better after their uncle told them who I was. Your little friend that was at church—Rosalie, they call her—smiled as though she had seen me before, when her uncle said I was the minister. So I told her I was glad to see her in church last Sunday, and was sorry her sister was too sick to come.

“‘Uncle Charles says Coralie cannot go until she gets stronger,’ she replied; ‘but she wants to go very much.’

“Mr. Somerville said she should go as soon as she got better, and then told me his niece had been unable to walk at all for two months. They have been travelling about till the house here could be fitted up for the family. After we left the children, Mr. Somerville said to me that he had very little hope of Coralie’s recovery. He said she behaved very well, and in fact did not fret half as much as he wished her to. He appeared much gratified with my offer of Arthur for a playmate for them. Though



much younger, I said he had such a flow of spirits, and was so brimful of fun, I thought it would do them good ; and you know, my dear, Arthur will like to see them, because they are little people. So we parted : I with the promise that if you conveniently could you would call to-morrow, and take Arthur with you ; and—”

“ Come to tea, papa ! Tea is ready ! Come, mamma ; it will catch cold if you don’t come right straight away,” cried Arthur, running out with an extremely red face.

“ What have you been doing to make your face so red, Arthur ?”

“ Helping Margery make tea, mamma. Margery let me toast two pieces—one for you and one for papa. Please to come right off, now, or it will catch cold.” Arthur looked highly delighted to see his father and mother eat the toast he had made for them, and only regretted that he had not toasted a slice for pussy, who he thought looked neglected, and would not come in from the kitchen fire when he called him.

His mother said she thought pussy felt more lazy than neglected, and liked the warmth of the fire better than toast. So, satisfied on this point, Arthur was very glad to eat his bread and milk. After he had finished it, he sat quite still, because his father and mother were talking, and he knew if he was noisy or restless he would be sent away. But he could not help wishing his papa would talk about something that he could understand,—and at last heard something to interest him—something about two little girls, and his mamma going to see them, and taking him with her, if he was a good boy.

When they had finished tea, he went into the kitchen, and told Margery, his friend and great crony, that he was going away off soon, with his mamma, to see two good little girls, if he was a good little boy.

“I do not see how you know they are good little girls,” said Margery.

“Why, Margery, my mamma says so. No, she didn’t say so, but I know mamma would

not go to see any little girls that were not good."

"Ah, my man, so much you know about it," laughed Margery. "Wouldn't she go to see 'em if they were bad, and try to make them good?"

"Yes; but they would be good little girls then, after all, if mamma said nice things to them."

"Oh! you're a knowing little fellow, Arthur, and it is well you have got a good pa and ma to teach you, and love you, and a cross old Margery that won't let you ever come near her kitchen, and litter it with your toys." Margery stopped wiping a cup, and rubbed her hands over his curly head as she said this, and added that she thought somebody's ma was calling him, and she rather guessed it was a certain gentleman's bedtime, for the sun had gone to bed, and the "sand-man" was around. Arthur stoutly denied the sand-man's presence near him, and said he did not know whom he would come to see there, unless it was Mar-

gery's own self. He would have advanced a reason for saying so, had not he heard his mamma calling him now quite distinctly, and he had to go.

While Arthur was getting ready for bed, he asked his mamma about the little girls she was going to take him to see ; and when he heard that they were orphans, that they had neither father nor mother, he looked thoughtful, and asked if he could not say something in his prayers for the little girls that had no dear mamma nor papa.

His mother said he might, and when he knelt before her with clasped hands, she let him repeat after her a prayer for the orphan sisters. Mrs. Morton then took him in her arms, kissed him, and said : " God bless my little boy, and keep him safe to-night, for Jesus Christ's sake." She said this aloud every night, always before putting him in his crib.

It made Arthur very still to see his mamma's face so solemn as she uttered these words, and very much in earnest in his wish to be a good

boy. After his mamma went away, his papa used to go up and kiss him good-night. Arthur always wanted this kiss. No matter if he had said good-night ever so many times before coming up, he would want his papa to give him the last kiss in bed.

“Well, if he’s not the ’cutest boy of his age I ever saw!” said Margery, coming up with a waiter of freshly-ironed clothes, as Mrs. Morton came out of Arthur’s room. “I will just set the waiter down, and go in and kiss his old curly head. I declare to you, ma’am, he’s as much company as a whole party.”

“Margery, I thought that was you coming,” said Arthur, lifting his head from the pillow. “Mamma told me something to say for the little girls when I said my prayers, because they had no father or mother. Mamma said they were something—I forget what that word was.”

“Orphans, perhaps,” said Margery.

“Yes, that was it. Why, Margery, that is what you once said you were.”

“Yes.”

“I did not think. I wish I had said the prayer for you, too; but I will do it now. I will ask God to take care of you. What makes you squeeze my head so, Margery, and kiss my hair, instead of my face?”

“Well, well, because you’re such a dear.” Margery gave him another squeeze, and vanished.



## CHAPTER V.

“WELL, my love, I suppose you will call at Mr. Somerville’s to-day,” Mr. Morton remarked at breakfast the next morning. “I think that Arthur is quite ready to see the little girls.”

There was no doubt in Arthur’s mind upon the subject, for he not only declared that he was ready, but was marching off for Margery to get him his cap, when his mamma called him back, and told him she could not make the visit until afternoon, and that he must not forget his lessons. He looked blank, but seeing that his mamma after breakfast went around as usual, dusting and arranging the room, and then sat down to her work, he brought his book, and sat down by her.

When school was out, he went into the kitchen to feed pussy and have a chat with Margery. Then he played with his toy-box till he got tired; and at last concluded to go around by the study window, and see what his papa was doing. The study window opened on the piazza, and Arthur walked around the piazza and looked in. His father was writing. Arthur knew he must not expect his father to talk to him now, so he seated himself on the sill as softly as he could.

He sat here a little while, and he became drowsy. Every time he nodded, he would start, and sit up very straight, determined not to fall asleep; but he grew more and more sleepy, and finally forgot to hold his eyes open, and in a second was sound asleep. The dinner-bell ringing made him open his eyes, and he found, instead of being in the window, where he had fallen asleep, he was lying on the sofa in the room, and his mother and father were talking in subdued tones.



"You may talk out loud, mamma, for it will not wake me up now," said he. "Did you put me on the sofa, papa?"

"Yes, I found a small boy asleep in my window, and as I thought the sofa would make a better bed for him, I brought him in and laid him there. His mamma just came in to see what had kept the noisy boy quiet so long. Now let us go in to dinner, for Margery seems inclined to ring until we make our appearance."

The time to go out came at last, though Arthur thought he never knew an afternoon so long in coming. Mr. Morton was to take them in the gig, and leave them at Mr. Somerville's, and Mr. Morton intended walking home. A small bench was placed in the vehicle for Arthur to sit upon, and his mother holding him tight by his belt for fear of his falling out, they rode away. Arthur amused himself by looking at the water, and wishing his papa would let him drive the old mare, and hoping the time would soon come when

he would be large enough to do so. Mr. Morton left them at the gate, with strict injunctions to Arthur to be a good boy, and take care of his mother. Arthur strutted up to the house, feeling very important at having such a trust imposed upon him.

Pat opened the door and ushered them into the parlor, where Mrs. Somerville was seated, reading. Arthur walked over to the window, and fixed himself on a chair, with his eyes on the door, expecting to see the little girls enter ; but his mamma and Mrs. Somerville talked some minutes, yet no little girls came in. A young man sauntered by the window. Mrs. Somerville called to him, and introduced him to Mrs. Morton as her son : he bowed, and sauntered away again. Arthur raised himself on his chair, and looked out to see where the young man went. He walked down the steps and turned away at the side of the house, where Arthur could not look ; so he concluded to watch a bird that was hopping about on a bush. When the bird flew away he had

nothing new to look at, so he sat down, and turned his eyes to the door again.

At last his mamma said, "I hope we can see your nieces this afternoon, Mrs. Somerville; my little boy has been looking forward with great pleasure to this visit."

"Certainly; I cannot think what it is that detains them. Ah! there is Rosalie," she added, as the child entered the room. "Come and speak to Mrs. Morton, Rose, and to the young gentleman. Where is Coralie?"

"Cora told me not to come, Aunt Charlotte; she is waiting for aunty to come up," said Rosalie, as she walked up to Mrs. Morton to shake hands. But Mrs. Morton drew her to her and kissed her, and called her "my dear," in a voice that made Rosalie forget to feel bashful; and she stooped down and kissed Arthur, quite of her own free-will—a surprising thing for her to do; then turned to her aunt:

"Aunty was down stairs, and Cora thought she had better wait for her."

"But did not Pat tell her?"

"No, ma'am; aunty had said she would be up very soon, and Cora did not like to hurry her. Pat is waiting to pull the carriage."

Mrs. Somerville explained to Mrs. Morton, that the nurse always carried Coralie up and down stairs.

"I met aunty in the hall, Aunt Charlotte, and she said she would bring Cora right down, —and she is coming now." Rosalie walked over and opened the door just in time for Pat to draw her sister into the room.

It made Mrs. Morton feel very sad to look at the child's pale face; but the dark eyes brightened beautifully when she smiled in answer to Mrs. Morton's kind greeting, and the smile gave her face, as Mr. Morton had said, a very animated and cheerful look. Coralie was delighted to see the little boy, kissed him, and asked him a number of questions. Arthur grew very communicative, told about his toys and amusements, and about the big shells he could find for them down by his father's house.

And they had a very sociable time in one corner of the room during Mrs. Morton's stay.

Arthur was unwilling to go when his mother arose, but hearing Mrs. Somerville say that the little girls were going to the beach, and that they could walk along together, he was much pleased. Mrs. Somerville urged Mrs. Morton to call again, said she was sure it would do the children good to see the little boy, and promised to call soon at the parsonage. Cousin Ernest actually walked up the stoop and carried Coralie down, while Pat lifted the carriage down; and then set her in, and very carefully, too. But he could not resist giving Rosalie a sly pinch as he left them, which made her walk briskly away, fearing that he was following her.

The carriage so took Arthur's fancy, that he insisted upon sharing Pat's duty of "pony," much to Pat's annoyance, who could not bear any interference on this point; but he yielded his place when Coralie asked him to do so, and I am afraid was a little gratified to find

that Arthur was a deal too small to make it move, though he pulled with all his strength. After trying several times he concluded to follow Pat's advice, to go behind and push it with his hands,—to be footman.

“How can I be a footman if I push with my hands?” asked Arthur, looking at Pat in surprise.

Pat was so taken aback at this question, that he could only laugh, and show every tooth in his head. “Well, be handman, then,” said he. So Arthur, informing his mother that he was “handman,” went to work. This arrangement was quite satisfactory, and they proceeded on their way, Mrs. Morton and Rosalie walking by them. They stopped at the rock—Coralie's favorite resting-place. There was a smooth stone here that made a comfortable seat, and Mrs. Morton telling the children she would sit by Coralie, sent them for a stroll on the beach.

There they sat a long time: the children running about; now and then coming back

with hands full of pretty shells and stones; and running away again to play. Arthur with his rosy cheeks, frolicsome ways, and quaint speeches, was very charming to quiet Rosalie, who grew so interested in his whims and ways, that she ran about, and Coralie heard her laugh aloud once or twice, and stopped talking to listen to the unusual sound.

Coralie did not know how she got on the subject, she only knew she was telling all about their home at the South; of the death of her parents, and of their new home at their uncle's; and of her surprise and sorrow, when she discovered she was unable to walk;—to which Mrs. Morton listened and sympathized in a way that made it seem like talking to an old friend.

“And you are quite contented now?” she asked.

“I cannot say that, ma'am,” said Coralie; “but it is so lovely here, so much better than being in the city, I think I would not mind it for a little while if I knew I would get well.

Aunty is so good to me. She tells me nice lines out of the Bible, when I feel very miserable,—I mean unhappy, for I do sometimes. I feel wicked and cross. I want to go about, and I get so tired of waiting,”—the small hands moved impatiently over one another,—“and I hoped so to be of some use; but I cannot now.”

“My child,”—Mrs. Morton took the two restless hands lovingly in her own,—“it is a great trial, I know, and perhaps it is better now not to be thinking of what might have been, it makes it so much harder to bear the trial. It would be a good plan to go on with the duties that come for each day, and leave the rest. God sends afflictions for our good.”

“Aunty tells me that, when I get very unhappy. I say it over ever so often, but it does not always help me—I cannot think of it—I had such hopes, such wishes of doing so much good when I grew up.”

“Of what, my love?” Mrs. Morton drew



her on to talk of it, thinking it might soothe her.

“Of our plan, Rosie’s and mine, to do something for others—for the little orphans that had no one to care for them—and for the poor sick people,—like that good lady that Aunty tells us about, who was so good to the wounded soldiers in the war. I wanted to be a sister of charity, like Florence Nightingale. But now I know it must all go. Rose is so afraid, she will be frightened without me. Is it wrong, ma’am? Aunty says it is not.”

“God does put good thoughts in our hearts, but he also sends afflictions; and I think it is not right, my love, to think that any plan of our own is the only proper one. When we propose to do some benevolent action, and are irritated or even annoyed that our plan cannot be carried out, it is sin, not our own goodness, which makes us so. Our best actions are mixed with evil. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. I suppose the best plan would be not

to think about the future, but to be patient under the present sorrow."

"Ought we not to help others, ma'am?"

"Yes, my dear, and if we resolve to do the duties that are before us, I suppose we will see a way of helping others. I think the living so in hopes of what you will do when you are grown up, is not right. It is apt to take your mind off from real duties."

"Yes, ma'am, I will try to remember it, and keep from thinking it hard to be so helpless."

"You are not helpless, my child. Think of the dear sister who loves you and depends upon you. Then you have so many chances of helping others. I know a great many things that you can do; and your uncle told Mr. Morton that you had taught Pat ever since he had been with you."

"I have not cared about it lately,"—Coralie's voice was very repentant; "Rose does it for me now. Somehow I have not really cared."

"Well, you will begin it again, I am sure,

when you think over it a little—and then you have to be cheerful, and not reflect on the sad past. I know that you can be of great assistance to me. I would like to have a little sewing-society. Your sister and yourself might come down to the cottage once a week for that purpose. There are a number of children in Wynn who are in need of clothes. If your uncle would permit you to come, we might make it a very nice thing.”

“Oh, how I would like it!” exclaimed Coralie. “Do you really think I could do any thing, Mrs. Morton?”

“I do not doubt it at all, and to prove it we will commence next week. I know two or three other little girls that I am sure will give us their assistance.”

“It sounds very pleasant to hear you talk about it. I will try not to think all the bad thoughts.”

“Suppose I write you a line to say over when the bad thoughts come?”

Coralie thought that would be very nice,

and Mrs. Morton took a slip of paper from her pocket, and wrote on it with a pencil: "Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good." "I think that one will suit you," she said, putting it in Coralie's hand.

Coralie read it over. There were tears in her eyes as she pointed to the last part, and she said, "Somehow you have made me feel as if I was not, after all, so helpless. I will try to think of it, ma'am."

"I think your papa would have told you that was the right way."

"Yes, ma'am, papa talked to us very often, and used to tell us to strive to be good children when he was gone, never to tell a lie, and to be obedient to Uncle Charles. He would make us kneel down by his bed, and say the prayers with him; and he made us promise to say them every morning and evening, and to read in the Bible every day. Oh! papa was so good. He said that we must never forget that mamma and he had prayed to God for us, that we might be kept from temptation,

and he hoped if we lived we would be good women.\* So I try to think of that, and take care of little Rose." The upturned face grew indistinct, for a moment, to Mrs. Morton's eyes. "She is so shy," continued Coralie, "that it makes me feel badly to see her go about alone. She said it was so pleasant down at the church, that it made her remember our home away at the South, and I thought I would like to get well enough to go once more."

"I hope you can go, my dear,—and there is the Sunday-school. I would like to have your sister come, and you, too, if your uncle will permit you. I think we can arrange it to his satisfaction. It is not as if you were really ill. On the Sundays that you feel well, Pat could draw you down to the cottage early, and Mr. Morton will carry you to church and put you in your pew. If you sit in the pew with me, you know you can stay there during the service."

"I will ask Uncle Charles to let me go. Aunt Charlotte will not care, for she says we

must go to Uncle Charles for what we want. I can ask him to let me try it once, and if it does me no harm, he may let me go often; and then it will give Pat a chance."

"Does Pat read?"

"Not very well, though he tries very hard. He learns much more quickly by repeating after us. He has learned the first part of the catechism, and a number of hymns, in that way. He says it makes him dizzy—the letters seem so hard. Do you not think it may be because he is not used to studying?"

Mrs. Morton thought it very probable; and promised that Mr. Morton would take charge of Pat on Sundays, if they could obtain Mr. Somerville's permission.

Coralie was surprised when Rosalie came up and said aunty was coming for them.

"Aunty always comes down for us," said Coralie to Mrs. Morton; "we are apt to stay too late when left to ourselves."

Honor's face broke into a pleasant smile, as she came near; and she made a low courtesy

to Mrs. Morton, and said she hoped the children had not been troublesome.

"No, any thing but that. I have enjoyed myself with my little friend here, while the others have been roaming on the beach. I only hope I have not tired her."

"Ah! ma'am, she's never tired,—I never saw the like of the spirit that child has in her. She beats all. We'll not detain the lady longer, my pets. Many thanks, ma'am, for your kindness in bringing the little boy. I have never seen such a color in Miss Rosie's face, nor such a child-light in her eyes."

"Then you must bring the young ladies down to the cottage, to see Arthur. We have the beach there, you know, as well as here."

"Is it that pretty house covered with vines?" asked Rosalie.

"Yes, that is our home," said Mrs. Morton.

"Papa says it is his castle, and that mamma is the queen. He calls her 'Queen of Roses.' Doesn't he, mamma?" cried Arthur. Mrs. Morton blushed, and smiled at Arthur's question.

"What does your papa say you are?" asked Rosalie.

"Oh! papa calls me all sorts of pet names; but Margery says I am a running vine, because I am all over everywhere. Will you ask your grandmother to bring you to see me?" added Arthur, pointing to Honor.

Rosalie and Coralie were much amused at Arthur's mistake.

After parting with their new friends, Rosalie entertained her sister with stories of their frolics on the beach; and appealed to Pat for corroboration of her statement, to which he replied that Arthur was a knowing chap.

Rosalie really seemed to have awakened to new life, for even Coralie had never known her, in their home days, to be so merry.

They talked over the pleasant visit with aunty, in the evening, and were all so well entertained, as to be amazed to hear Honor say that they had sat up long past their usual bedtime.



## CHAPTER VI.

MR. SOMERVILLE consented to Coralie's trying Mrs. Morton's plan. He was only too glad to put the children in a way of enjoying themselves, and Rosalie's brightened face made him the more willing to accede to their wishes. He thought them entirely too solemn, and was ready to enter into any plan for making them happier, though he thought they had strange ways of enjoying themselves.

Sunday came, and with it a heavy storm, that lasted through Monday and part of Tuesday, and that kept the children closely housed for the three days. And then, more disappointment, another rainy Sunday, so that another week must elapse before Coralie's wish could be fulfilled. But they made their visit to the parsonage, and had commenced

their society. Coralie and Rosalie could talk to Mrs. Morton of all their little troubles, and they always found her an affectionate and sympathizing friend; and as for Arthur, why, he loved them dearly, and had brought Margery to acknowledge that they were very good little girls.

A bright Sunday came, and the children, under Honor's protection, with Pat, of course, to draw the carriage, went down to the parsonage. Mrs. Morton and Arthur were waiting for them, and as they came to the gate, Mrs. Morton whispered something to her little boy, who then walked up the side-path of the garden, and presently returned with his father.

Coralie's face flushed as Mr. Morton took her in his arms, but he carried her so gently, and was so kind, that she did not find it at all unpleasant. There were not more than three or four children in the church, to Coralie's great relief, for she had rather dreaded the scholars seeing her carried in. Mr. Morton

seated her in the corner of his own pew, and then went to speak to the children, who were coming in; so Coralie had time to look about her.

The scholars were assembling pretty rapidly. And by the time that Mrs. Morton, who had not followed Coralie immediately, came in with the three children, Mr. Morton was ready to open the school. It so happened, this Sunday, that five more new scholars came—the children whose parents Mr. Morton had visited the same day that he called at Mr. Somerville's. The two girls were placed in Mrs. Morton's class, and the boys Mr. Morton took into his own.

When school had commenced, Coralie, who was looking over the Collect for the day, heard voices behind her. The conversation was for a time quite indistinct; gradually the voices grew louder, and she heard some one say, "Susan Downs, if you don't give it to me, I'll tell the teacher."

"Who cares, Betsey? I tell you I picked 'em

up ; and now I've got them, I'm going to keep them."

"But I shook 'em down, for I climbed the tree."

Coralie could not resist looking behind her, and she saw two girls about her own age in a very eager discussion over a bunch of cherries that one had taken from her pocket, and was greedily devouring. The unfortunate Betsey, who had not a chance at the fruit, particularly attracted Coralie's attention ; she was so untidy, so uncombed, and so shabby in her appearance, and had the additional disadvantage of a scar on her left cheek, that drew her eyelid down in a very unpleasant manner.

Her companion's countenance was much more agreeable. Her hair was neatly arranged, and her face looked doubly clean by the side of Betsey's unwashed one. She had just detected Betsey's intention of springing to catch the fruit, and was striving to hold it beyond her reach, when she saw Coralie looking at her.

"La! Susan," said Betsy, who had also seen her; "she's looking. Now, I suppose you'll tell the teacher."

"I think Mrs. Morton will not like it, if you do not know the lesson when she comes up here," said Coralie.

"Will you promise me not to tell?"

"Yes," replied Coralie, "if you will promise me one thing."

They eyed her curiously.

"To tell yourself; I mean, when you go home, to stop and tell the person you stole them from, that you took them, and that you are sorry."

"Who said they were stolen?" asked Betsy, quickly.

"I heard you say so, yourself. It is not right—but we must not talk any more. It is time for catechism. Mrs. Morton is ready to hear us."

Mrs. Morton had been questioning some pupils, at the other end of the class, and had not heard any of the foregoing conversation.

She took up the book now, and called their attention.

Betsey Harper and Susan Downs could not answer one question correctly, but Mrs. Morton did not appear surprised at this, and said she supposed it was difficult for them to learn at first, and marked off a portion, requesting them to study it, and repeat it to her on the following Sunday. Then, to make it easier for them so to do, she took the book, and asked them the questions, requiring them to read the answers aloud from their own books.

Rosalie and Coralie had been carefully taught, and were so well behaved, and had so perfect a lesson, that the old pupils were astonished, and the new ones, especially Betsey, could do nothing but stare at them with open eyes and mouths.

By the time Mrs. Morton had explained the lesson to them, Mr. Morton was ready for prayers, before dismissing the school. After school, Mrs. Morton and Rosalie went down to the door to find Arthur. Coralie remained

in her seat, and a moment after they had left she felt a pull at her sleeve, and looking up saw Betsey standing in the pew behind her. She was startled, for the scholars had all gone to the seats they generally occupied during service.

"I say," said Betsey, "one of the girls says you can't walk a speck, and I said it was a fib."

"No, it is not untrue. I have not walked in more than two months," said Coralie.

"How did you get here, then?"

"I rode to the parsonage in a hand-carriage, and Mr. Morton carried me in from his house."

"You don't mean that the minister did that? My! how queer."

Coralie could not but smile at her astonished countenance; still, she wished Betsey would go to her seat;—the bell was ringing for church, and the people coming in so fast. But Betsey seemed to have something yet to say, for she twisted about without moving away, and then

said, "I don't know how it is, but I sort o' like you. I suppose you couldn't like me a scrap?"

"Indeed I could, and I am very glad you like me." A thought struck Coralie, and she added eagerly, "I wish you would do right about—"

"Well, don't I mean to?" interrupted Betsey.

"Will you tell about the cherries?"

"Well—no," said Betsey, considering. "But I tell you what, I will not do it again."

"Then you are doing wrong, for the Bible says we must confess our sins."

"I rather think you don't know what it is to go and tell, and get yourself scolded. You talk like a book, but—"

"You cannot be sorry," persisted Coralie, "if you do not tell. You cannot be what your lesson to-day bids you, if you do wicked things. It is right to forsake sins, but we must confess them. I think that means praying to God to forgive us, and asking forgiveness of the persons we have wronged."



"Well, I'll say the prayers, I s'pose."

"Think of your lesson, and what you are by baptism—a member of Christ, the child of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

"Well, now, I didn't think of that," said Betsey, half repeating the words after Coralie, and looking wonderingly at her all the time.

"God loves us, and watches over us." Coralie had turned herself in the seat with her hands, and had her eyes eagerly fixed on Betsey. "God sees us all the time; He saw you to-day in the cherry-tree."

"I did not think about that."

"I wish you would do it," said Coralie, looking distressed. "I wish I knew how to say something to make you think it right—and to Susan, too, for she helped you. You said you liked me: then do what I ask."

"It is a pretty hard thing to ask a body to go tell, when she can be just as sorry without telling. I would like to do it, because you ask me."

"No, no," said Coralie, "not because I ask

you, but because it is right. God forgives us when we confess our sins. Can you not see? Please, do—and tell Susan.”

The bell was tolling now, and Betsey was obliged to go to her seat.

Mr. Somerville did not deem it prudent for Coralie to go to church in the afternoon. So Rosalie went with Honor. Coming out after service, Rosalie noticed one of the new scholars standing by the door. She beckoned Rosalie aside, and said—

“You may tell your sister—I know she is your sister, ’cause you look just like each other—” As Betsey—for she it was—paused here, Rosalie nodded yes, and the girl proceeded: “You may tell her I did it. I went and told, and I’ll never steal any thing again—Sunday, or any day. I rather think Susan Downs won’t, either. I thought maybe your sister would like to know that I told, ’cause she’s so sort o’ nice, and seemed so good. Here! you can have this. I brought it for her, but I would just as soon give it to you.”

Betsey put an egg in Rosalie's hand. "It is fresh to-day."

Rosalie thanked her very cordially, and said she would not keep it, but take it home to Coralie, who she knew would be much pleased. Betsey walked off before Rosalie could say any more.

Coralie was pleased when she received her odd present, and she felt quite happy when Rosalie told her Betsey's message.

"'Tis a very nice Sunday-night pillow, Rosie dear," she said, "to have tried to teach some one right. I am so glad of it, because I had thought Betsey so unpleasant-looking. At first, I did not want to speak to her—and she could not help her looks. I forgot that I was unable to walk about, like the others, to-day. It seemed so nice, our being at church together."

"But it is not nice home, Sunday evenings, while Cousin Ernest is here. I wish he would not come to Wynn so often, and laugh and tease us about every thing we say, and make

Aunt Charlotte laugh at us too," said Rosalie.

"Dear heart, he's only amusing you. 'Tis his way. My pet is not going to get vexed to-night," said Honor, taking off her glasses, and tapping with them on her hand, as she smiled at Rosalie. "See! the sun is going down brightly, and my Rose-bud will not let it sink away till she has cleared away the bad feeling."

"It is going very fast, aunty dear; but I cannot help wishing he would not come by me," said little Rose, with an appealing look at her sister. "I suppose I must not mind it. Oh dear! there is the tea-bell."

Rosalie walked dolefully in from the piazza, and Honor followed with Coralie.

Mrs. Somerville was unusually kind to-night—asking the children about the Sunday-school; and interested Rosalie by asking about Arthur Morton—whether he went to church, and if he could read.

"Arthur begins to read very nicely, and he

always remembers the text. Do you not think it very smart, Aunt Charlotte, for such a little boy to remember texts?"

This was a very brave speech for Rosalie. She had never before ventured to say as much in Cousin Ernest's presence. Pat here, quite forgetful where he was, stopped, bread-plate in hand, and said eagerly—

"Yes, indade; and the way he can say the catechism—oh my!—" Here recollecting himself, his face became scarlet, and he rushed precipitately from the room—deaf to all Mr. Somerville's calls to him to come back, but not so deaf as to prevent his hearing Mr. Ernest's peals of laughter, even as far down as the coal-cellar, where he ran for shelter, and where he speedily changed the color of his cheeks by diving, head-foremost, into the coal.

"Cora," said Rose, when they were getting ready for bed, "I have done nothing good, as you have, to-day, to go to sleep upon. I have not done any thing, for anybody."

"Why, Rose, I am sure you have done me good—you do always."

"Do I? I am so glad—for I don't seem to be any thing but cross."

Coralie laughed so much at the very idea of Rosie's being cross, that Rosalie began to think it was rather funny too, and concluded that she was not cross now, at all events.

Coralie had happy thoughts of Susan and Betsey, and she could not but remember the two girls in her prayers that night.

"Are your children in bed, Honor?" asked Mrs. Somerville, who was going into the parlor as the old woman crossed the hall.

"Indeed, yes, ma'am; and I never saw a blessedder pair of children, or gentler-behaved. I am thinking, ma'am, they must have had the good training at home. They often puzzle me entirely, with their old-fashioned way of saying things."

"They certainly are well-behaved children, and not at all troublesome. It is a great pity Coralie is so afflicted," said Mrs. Somerville.

"I doubt, ma'am, with all respect to you, whether she looks on it in that light. She is so patient! I never saw the child's equal."

"Yes, I dare say—but they are very odd. Just lay this shawl over my shoulders, Honor. The evenings are quite chilly. The children are very unlike other little girls. I think they mope too much, though. I acknowledge they have improved since we have been here. You must take them out, and amuse them as much as you can. There, that will do." And Mrs. Somerville, folding her shawl over her, entered the parlor and closed the door.

"But it is the queer thing that the little motherless ones has to go out of their own family to find the true sort of friends," said the old nurse to herself, as she walked downstairs. "A blessing surely rests on them—poor dears! The Lord careth for the fatherless. I never was more convinced of that than this night, when I looked at my two pets."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE summer months passed rapidly away, almost too quickly for the little girls, who could scarcely believe the time for their staying at Wynn would end in three more weeks. So they had heard their aunt telling their uncle a few evenings before.

They had now become so acquainted with the country, and gained so many friends, that they had no wish to return to the city. Cousin Ernest had been absent from Wynn the greater part of the summer, and they had in consequence been unusually free from his teasing ways. And under the combined influences of new scenes, fresh air, and plenty to occupy them, they had grown happier and more healthy.

Rosalie had cheeks that vied with her name,



and she ran about, and laughed, actually laughed, as merrily as little girls generally do when they are well and happy. She was also losing much of her shyness. Coralie, too, had improved, though she was not able to walk. But the country, and the friends she had made, and Rosalie's improved health, were a great source of pleasure to her. Rosalie could help herself, and could bear to be spoken to now, without disappearing behind her sister, and was more lively, and could cheer Coralie, when she was inclined to be melancholy.

The sewing-society had succeeded admirably. Mrs. Morton had invited some of the Sunday scholars to join them, and by Coralie's special request, Betsey Harper and Susan Downs were admitted. Betsey was bashful and awkward, but she managed to have a clean face and smooth hair, and really tried to sew neatly, and avoid twisting herself into a knot, every time she was spoken to. She was proud of being a member of the society, and therefore obliging and obedient.

At tea-time, Mr. Morton would come out from his study, and always had something pleasant to say to each one of them. They usually had an early tea, and returned to their homes before dark. To the two sisters the meetings were delightful.

One afternoon Pat was drawing the chair-wagon out from the back door, at the parsonage, after a meeting of the children's society, and he had come for his young ladies. As he lifted it from under the steps, Betsey Harper came up and stood by the door-post, directly beside him.

"You drive Miss Coralie home always, don't you?" said she, motioning to him to stop.

"Of course I drive *my* young lady home. I'm her man." Pat straightened himself up and looked very important.

Well, now, wouldn't I like to be her horse, and drive her in that carriage all around! Oh, my! wouldn't I?" Betsey gazed with fondness at the little carriage. "I say," said she again, "I dreamed the other night that she was a sit-

ting in that thing, with her hands clasped, all dressed in white, and looking so beautiful, and at such a distance, yet so near to me, that when I tried to touch her with my hand, she was not near me at all, but so far off, so very far off, that it made me cry out, for I thought she was going away from us. I tell you I was wonderful glad to wake up and find it was all a dream."

Pat whistled, as he stooped down to do something to the handle of the carriage.

"She's regular good, isn't she?" continued Betsey.

"Yis, she is that same, and Miss Rosie too. They try to be good, and they are good. You niver saw any ladies like *my* young ladies; I tell you, they've taught me, and been as good to me as Mickey ever was. I would work my fingers off for *my* two young ladies—and don't they know hapes of things! My! the way they can read and write, and do all sorts of clever things! It would make your hair stand on ind just to see how much they know."

Betsey assented to this with an admiring nod and a heavy sigh, exclaiming, "Oh, if I could only do something for her! You ought to be a happy boy, what has the chance. I suppose you wouldn't let me drive that thing, sometimes?"

"*My* young lady is so used to me, you see, that it would niver do;" then noticing Betsey's look of disappointment, he added, "Maybe some day I may, for it is very sensible in you to have the sense to admire *my* young ladies." Pat always laid a stress on the pronoun, and he also made himself more emphatic than usual on the last word, because he considered Rosalie rather neglected in the conversation. Betsey understood him, and added—

"Miss Rosalie is a nice young lady; of course she's just like her sister, only Miss Coralie makes me feel—oh, I don't know, so sort of wishing to be good, when I am near her, and as if she really wanted us all to be good, too. Miss Rosalie is very nice and gentle, but I love to sit near Miss Coralie. I like to see

her eyes, they're so earnest when she's reading the Bible lessons in school. It makes me get on better just to look at her once in a while. You know Susan Downs, the girl that comes with me sometimes? Well, she likes her too; and says she means to come every Sunday to school, and try to be good, and read in her Bible, 'cause Miss Rosalie reads hers every day. I'm going home across lots, up behind the church, for mother will scold if I stay late. Don't forget your promise to me."

As Betsey said this, she slipped past him, went up through the gate into the church-yard, climbed the fence in a trice, and went through the fields as fast as she could run. Pat had a very thoughtful face, as he drew the carriage around to the door.

The time for the Somervilles' departure for the city was fast approaching, and Rosalie and Coralie, one afternoon, counting over the days of their stay at Wynn, were sorrowful to find that in one week's time they would be obliged to leave their pleasant country home. The

house was beginning to look dreary, for large boxes, packed and unpacked, stood around in the hall, and in the upper rooms. The days were cool now, and the little girls could not sit as formerly in the open air, or saunter along the beach.

Still, debarred these privileges, they cared not to leave the country. It seemed to them to contain quite enough to make it a pleasant home during the winter months. Rosalie's eyes would swim in tears at the mere thought of going away from Wynn and dear little Arthur Morton, and of relinquishing their rambles on the beach, where they had passed so many pleasant hours gathering shells for Coralie to make into baskets, sea-weed for her to press, and the pretty pebbles to put on their shelf of curiosities. She felt that she would miss Arthur's merry voice, and his cheerful eyes, in their dull city home. She was telling this to Coralie one afternoon, and turned her thoughts from her misfortunes with the consolatory remark, that it was not as if they were

going to be separated from one another. "There is nothing as bad as that, Cora dear, is there?" said she, clasping her arms around her sister's neck.

"No indeed," Coralie said, returning her sister's embrace quite heartily.

So they changed the conversation to their plans for the winter, with a resolution not to think of the present sorrow.

It was dusk, and they were sitting by the fire in their own room—that quiet time towards evening, when sounds that break upon the stillness seem unusually distinct; and as they stopped talking for a moment, their attention was arrested by the sound of voices. Coralie said she thought it might be Cousin Ernest and Aunt Charlotte, returning from a ride.

Ernest had been up a few days, amusing himself—driving, fishing, and shooting—intending to return to town with the family the following week. He had gone out this afternoon, accompanying his mother, on horseback.

The voices sounded nearer the house, and they could hear the heavy tread, as of many feet, coming up the gravel path, then up the steps, into the hall, and into the parlor, where it ceased. To the listening children, the quiet that succeeded was painful. They stopped talking, and looked at one another. Then Rosalie said she would look out in the hall, and see if any thing was the matter.

She came back in a moment, quite pale, with the announcement that she thought something serious had occurred. She could hear talking in the parlor, though the door was closed, or nearly so. It was getting so dark in the hall she could scarcely see, but she thought there were two men standing there. She came over to the corner where Coralie was, and sat down by her, eagerly listening for any sound from below. At last she broke silence—

“I do wish aunty would come up and tell us what has happened. I do not like to go down-stairs, if any thing has happened.”



“What could have happened, Rose?” said Coralie. “I believe we are frightening ourselves here for nothing at all. Look out again, dear; it is better to know, than to sit here feeling so uncomfortable.”

Rosalie was glad of an excuse to go to the door again. This time there was an oil lamp standing on a chair in the hall, which, in the faint light it emitted, made the hall look more desolate than it had looked in the darkness. Rosalie heard the same sound of voices, and something like crying. It sounded like her aunt’s voice. As she was turning back again towards the room, she saw Pat walk through the hall. She beckoned to him, not daring to speak.

“O Pat!” said she, as he followed her into the apartment, “what is the matter? Is any one hurt? Cora and I have been so frightened because it sounded so still.”

Pat looked frightened also, and his face very pale.

“O Miss Rosie dear! Mister Ernest—he’s

hurted very much—thrown off his horse, and, oh dear! I'm feared he's killed, the mistress is taking on so. I saw them bring him in. Oh, it was dreadful!"—and Pat hid his face in his hands. He had been wandering about in the hall, he said, afraid to go near the parlor door; and was very glad to come and sit with them, for he felt lonely. "They sint for the doctor, Miss Rosie," said he, drawing his chair up to the fire, "and I heerd one of the men say that it was a good three mile to the doctor's house."

"Is any one there besides Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Charles?" asked Coralie.

"Yis, miss dear, Honor is there. She was in the kitchen, and Mr. Somerville sent down for her."

Further than this, Pat knew nothing; and they sat looking at each other—listening eagerly, and with beating hearts, for any sounds from below. It might have been a half an hour after—the children, in their anxiety, thought it two hours—that they

heard a wagon coming along the road at a rapid rate. It stopped at the house, and they could hear one person walking up the path. Pat looked over the stairs, returned, and said he rather guessed it was the doctor, for he saw a gentleman walk into the parlor and close the door. They sat down again by the fire.

"Is it not dreadful?" said Rosalie. "Cora, I was sorry that Cousin Ernest came to Wynn, and now—"

"Sure, miss dear, perhaps it's only a faint he's in," said Pat, trying to console her.

"Oh, how I wish aunty would come up! Did you ever see any one faint, Pat?"

"Yis, miss; Mickey used to, when he took sick. He used to turn all white like the snow, all at oncet; but it wasn't as awful as Mister Ernest looked to-night, 'cause his head was bleeding." Pat shuddered.

"If we only knew about it! It is so dreadful to sit here, listening and waiting. Cora, let us do something, to keep from thinking of it. Can't we read something?"

Rosalie went to her shelf to get a book.

"Miss Rosie dear, if you could only say some of thim hymns over out loud, I think 'twould sound very nice."

"So it would." And Rosalie began to repeat—

"When I can read my title clear."

Pat knew this hymn, and repeated the words with her, though in a whisper.

After Rosalie had finished, Coralie and Pat followed her example, each saying it aloud; then they all said it together. This took up a little time, and made them feel somewhat better.

Tea-time came and passed—no one came up. It was growing very dark; and it was only by the dying flames of the wood fire that the children could distinguish one another. Pat had offered to get a lamp, but they had begged him not to leave them; and, drawing their chairs closer to each other, and nearer to the fire, sat in anxious expectation. By-and-by Honor came up, and they could see she had been crying. The children turned to her.

“ Ah ! my pets, I came but for a moment—just to see ye’es. And you have had no supper yet.”

“ Oh, we don’t care for any thing to eat, aunty. How is Cousin Ernest ?”

“ Ah ! he’s very bad—very bad, Rose-bud,” replied Honor, shaking her head.

“ Was that the doctor that came in a wagon ?” asked Coralie.

“ It was, dear ; but your uncle has sent to town for Doctor Conover, and they expect him in the morning. I only came up to have a look at my pets, for I must go back to tend him. I thought ’twould be better to come and tell you myself not to expect me back to-night, dears.”

“ Does Cousin Ernest know any one, aunty ?” said Coralie.

“ He has not opened his eyes yet, dear, he lies quite still, and breathes heavy-like. We are going to carry him up to his room in a short time. Now, good-bye, my pets, Pat will get you some supper, and then go to bed like

good children. Who knows but what I may have good news for ye'es in the morning?"

Pat gained some more information, on going down into the kitchen for his young ladies' tea, from the coachman, who was talking to the cook, which he delivered to them on his return to the room, somewhat in this manner—

"Mister Ernest went out riding with his mother, and was determined, notwithstanding all the mistress said agin it, to ride the new black horse that he had sint down the week afore. At last he coaxed her into going with him, and you know Mister Ernest can get the mistress to do any thing he plazes. Well, they wint—and about two miles from here the horse gave the big lep in the air, and away Mr. Ernest flew off his back, right down on to the stones. Some workmin brought him home, and the mistress she's a going on in a dreadful way; and the master, he has followed the messenger to the city for Doctor Conover."

As can well be imagined, the children had lost all appetite for their tea. They felt heart-

sick and lonely in the large dreary house, now doubly dreary, in this great sorrow that had come to its inmates. They could do nothing but talk about the accident, and listen to the sounds that reached their ears from the parlor.

Pat coaxed them to eat a little, and talked cheerfully about the doctor from town making all things right. And in his own good-natured way kept up a show of cheerfulness he was far from feeling, for he would suddenly forget—be quite absent—then as suddenly look up, grow cheery and talkative.

When the little girls were safely ensconced in bed, they heard the same heavy steps up the stairs that they had heard early in the evening, when the men were bringing their cousin to the house. They knew now that Ernest was being carried to his own room. They drew closer to one another.

“Rosie dear,” said Coralie, “Cousin Ernest never went to church.”

“No, Cora, and he always laughed so about it.”

“Would it not be dreadful if he was never to get well—never get so that he could like to go to church before he died?”

“He is not bad, is he, Cora? I know I did not like him to tease us. I am sorry now. If he would only get well, he might tease me as much as he pleased.”

“I am sorry too, Rose, that I disliked it so. I wish we could do something for him—if he could only get better.”

“There is nothing we can do, Cora.”

“Yes, Rose, we can do something,—we can pray for him.”





## CHAPTER VIII.

ERNEST SOMERVILLE was very ill, and for some weeks the doctor feared he would not recover. His father fretted and worried, and every time he was in the room would ask the young man if he felt any better, or go on expeditions through the country for delicacies to tempt his appetite; stopping three or four times some days at the doctor's to hear his opinion of his son, and to ask if any thing more could be done than they were doing.

During this time the children were almost forgotten at home, excepting by Pat. Honor had entire charge of the sick man, and could spare but a few odd moments some days to speak to her darlings. But the family at the parsonage thought of them at this time. Mrs. Morton compassionated their lonely situation.

They were getting dispirited, could not become interested in Pat's lessons, grew sad and silent, more like the quiet children they had been when they first came to Wynn; so that, in his care and anxiety for his son, Mr. Somerville had no wish to oppose Mrs. Morton's desire to take Coralie and Rosalie to the parsonage for a week or ten days.

It was, in many respects, a happy week to them, although saddened by the remembrance of their cousin's illness. Pat came down every day to see them, and had, usually, a message for them from Honor, and towards the latter part of their visit, brought more cheering news.

Although he did not appear to care when they left home, Mr. Somerville must have missed his nieces, for about a week after he drove down to Mr. Morton's himself, said that Ernest was rather better, and that he wanted his girls home again. The children were happy at the good news, and so pleased that their uncle should wish to have them again, that it

in a measure lessened their disappointment at leaving their dear Mrs. Morton.

Their uncle was more lively than he had been since his son's accident; thanked Mr. and Mrs. Morton cordially for their kindness to the children, and spoke hopefully of getting to town by the first of December, if his son continued to improve.

When they arrived at home, Honor came to the door and took them in her motherly arms, and said it did her heart good to see them home once more, and Pat's face was wreathed in smiles as he skipped about, waiting upon them at the table. Mr. Somerville said they must drink tea with him, and sitting down at the fire with one upon each knee, appeared thoroughly to enjoy himself. He had been, he said, so lonely and sad that he wanted them by him.

"Is not Aunt Charlotte coming down, to-night, uncle?" asked Rosalie, after having wondered about her aunt's absence all tea-time.

"No, your aunt is not well, dear,—tired out with watching; she's quite miserable. We must be off to town as soon as Ernest gets about, now, and that will cure him. As for myself, I think I would like it quite as well here for the next four or five months, just for once; and with my little girls for company, and with plenty of good sleighing and such sort of fun, we might pass a pleasant winter; but your aunt and Ernest never would consent to be shut up in an old country village during the winter season."

"We were wishing to stay longer, uncle, just the night that Cousin Ernest was brought home," said Rosalie, half-shuddering at the remembrance of the time; "and we were sorry afterwards that we had our wish."

"So you have not liked it since?"

"We liked it very much," said truthful Rosalie, "and we liked to stay at Mr. Morton's; but we are very sorry to have it come in such a way."

"So you like it down there at the parsonage?"

Well, it is a pretty place—though it is getting rather winterish-looking there now. What do you do there?”

“Oh, a great many things. Mrs. Morton is so good—she makes it so pleasant to us; and Mr. Morton reads and explains to us stories in the evening, and tells us about parts of the Bible, too.”

“And you really like that sort of thing better than interesting story-books?”

“I don’t think I like it so much as I ought,” said Rosalie; “but it is right, and we must read the Bible.”

“Why *must*, little one?”

“The Bible says we must search the Scriptures; so, if we don’t, it is wicked. I don’t always want to do it, Uncle Charles; but Cora never forgets about it. She sometimes puts me in mind of it.”

“No, no, Rose, you would not forget,” said Coralie.

Mr. Somerville looked at them both, with a queer smile on his face. He asked them a

number of questions about every thing they had done since they had been away. When he had inquired about every thing he could think of, he said it was time for them to go up-stairs, fancying they must be fatigued.

"I told Pat to make a fire in your room. I hope he did not forget to attend to it."

"I will go and see, uncle," said Rosalie.

As their uncle thought that the best way of ascertaining the fact, Rosalie went up-stairs. Coralie, who had been sitting quietly some time, raised her head and said quickly, as Rosalie closed the door—

"Uncle Charles, will you let me go and see Cousin Ernest? I will not talk. Please, let me go with you, only a few minutes."

"I suppose you might go for a moment. I will take you as I go up-stairs—and we can meet Rosalie, if she wants to go, too."

Rosalie did not much care to see her cousin; but, knowing that Coralie was going, followed them, keeping close behind her uncle.

The room was dimly lighted. Old Honor

was sitting by the fire, stirring something in a cup. Mr. Somerville went over to the bedside. Ernest was asleep, and they thought looked shockingly pale and thin. One arm was outside of the cover, and had a bandage. He lay so still that, but for Uncle Charles' assurance that he was asleep, the little girls would have been frightened; while the cloth on his head made him look very unnatural to them. They were quite willing to go away, although when Mr. Somerville placed Coralie in her chair, in her own room, he had given her a promise that she should see her cousin every day, and that he would take her. And he kept his promise, too.

Shortly before tea-time, each day, he would go for her into the room. Rosalie accompanied them sometimes, but not often; Cousin Ernest's eyes looked so large and piercing when he turned them on her, a little afraid. But Coralie liked to have her chair wheeled up to the bed, and would sit there by him as long as Mr. Somerville would permit her.

At first Mrs. Somerville was fearful it would annoy her son, but for a time he appeared scarcely to notice her; he was too ill. Coralie would sit there, and watch him so faithfully, that Honor trusted her to give him the medicines sometimes—for, with her hand, she could easily reach the table where they were. She would also wet the cloth and lay it on his forehead, and only asked to sit there and watch him.

Seeing that it gratified her, and that she behaved so well, Mrs. Somerville in a few days became accustomed to see Coralie wheeled in towards the bed.

While she was sitting by the bed one afternoon, Honor went down-stairs to see about some chicken-broth that the cook was preparing for the patient, telling her to ring the bell on the table if he stirred. Honor had been gone but a few minutes, when Ernest opened his eyes. Coralie reached for the bell, but he shook his head.

“You need not ring,” he said. “What makes you sit by my bed so much?”



"I did not think you would mind it. I wanted to do something for you, Cousin Ernest. I am sorry you have been so very ill. Can I do any thing for you?"

"You can't make my arm well, I suppose, or help me to get out of bed. I am tired of lying here. So you were sorry I was sick?"

"Oh, Rosie and I were both sorry. It has been so sad here. I have been wishing so to come and see you, Cousin Ernest!"

"Well, that's queer. What were you thinking about when I woke up?"

"About you—thinking how sick you had been, and how dreadful it would have been if you had died then."

Ernest stared at her very hard.

"So you thought of that. Well, what of it?"

"O Cousin Ernest! it was so hard to think that perhaps you had not tried to please God, and might not have said your prayers that day, nor asked for forgiveness—and to die so suddenly!"

"Well, you could not help that, you know."

"But it made us feel so sorry."

"You could do nothing for me, so that you need not have troubled yourselves about it."

"But we could do one thing."

"Well, what was that?"

"Ask God to let you get well again." Coralie leaned her head forward.

"Ernest, my son, talking! I am afraid Coralie will annoy you," said Mrs. Somerville, who had entered from her own room.

"She does not annoy me at all. It is this arm of mine that keeps me here—that annoys me. Oh dear!" He turned quite white.

"I am sure that it is seeing the child, that has worried you," persisted Mrs. Somerville.

Ernest was so emphatic in his declaration that the child did not worry him, that he exhausted all his remaining strength trying to prove it; and by the time old Honor returned, he could only say that Coralie should not be sent away, and that she should come back whenever she felt disposed. He did not speak to her any more that day, nor the next; but

the day after, he noticed her presence, smiled, and said he was glad she had come again; and told Honor she might go out and take a stroll, for Coralie would take care of him.

There was no resisting him, for he was quite determined to have his own way, and make the old woman walk in the fresh air. Coralie was gratified to think that he cared to have her by him; she did not expect as much. His arm pained him considerably, and after a while he became impatient.

“I am sick of it all,” said he. “Can’t you tell me something? I get so tired of seeing them all fussing about me. How this arm does ache! I cannot move without feeling shockingly out of sorts. Put your hand on my head. There! that’s it. What a speck of a thing it is—and yet so cool to my head! Coralie, you are a comfortable sort of little thing, to sit by a cross fellow. They all keep telling me I will be up soon, and be out soon; and they tire me so—for it is all the same, however they may talk.”

"Cousin Ernest, if you lie quite still I do not think your arm will pain you so severely ; and if you try to think of something else, it will not seem so bad."

"I cannot think ; you think for me."

"Shall I say a little hymn on trials we learnt last Sunday?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Trials must and will befall,  
But with humble faith I see  
Love inscribed upon them all  
This is happiness to me."

"Umph ! but that does not make my arm any better. How I wish I could walk across the room once more ! It gives me the blues shockingly to lie here so helpless, thinking—thinking."

"Perhaps you are not patient enough. Do you ever say your prayers, Cousin Ernest?"

The young man's face flushed, and he said, as if to turn the conversation, "Do you ever get tired of going about in that concern?"

"Often ; but I have so many enjoyments

here, that it is easier to bear than it was before I came here. Mrs. Morton has been so good to me, and helped me to be more patient. It is bad some days : when I see Rose run about, I feel as if I would give up every thing, rather than be helpless ; then I take the verse Mrs. Morton copied for me, and read it over ever so often, and I get better after awhile. It is a very good way : Mrs. Morton told me to do it."

"What verse is it?"

"I will give you my paper," said Coralie, taking it from her pocket, not liking to say it aloud, and laying it on the bed. "You can read the first part ; that is not long."

Ernest glanced his eyes at the paper, and saw the words, "Put thou thy trust in the Lord." It was with difficulty that he read so far, and even that made his head ache.

"If you would try Mrs. Morton's plan," said Coralie, "I think you would like it."

"What odds does it make? You cannot care much."

“Ah, but I do, Cousin Ernest, I care very much; I have wished so that you would get well, so that you might go to church, and be a good man.”

“Am I such a bad man?”

“No; I do not say that—but sometimes, you know, you used to laugh at such things; and I know papa would say that was not right. I felt sorry that I had not told you so before, because—because then you might have thought more about it.”

Ernest looked wonderingly at the small creature at his side, telling him this so courageously.

“If you would only promise me, Cousin Ernest.”

“You’re a queer little witch, and I’ll promise you one thing, never to tease either of you again. That ought to satisfy you.” Coralie shook her head as she leaned back in her chair. When Rosalie came in to see him that afternoon, he told her that he had promised Coralie that he would not tease them any more, and

asked her to come and see him oftener, which Rosalie very readily agreed to, now that he was getting so much better, and did not make his eyes so stare when he looked at her.

November had drawn to a close when the young man was able to walk around. And about the time of his convalescence, Coralie was taken ill with a sort of low fever. The doctor said it was brought on in a great measure by over-excitement.

Whatever was the cause, she was very sick. Not one in the house but was grieved, she had so won her way to their love. Pat would sit on the stairs near her room the greater part of the day, in the hope that she would call upon him to do something for her ; then walk away, only to go and sit by the little carriage-chair, think of his dear young lady, and cry at the thought that she might never more ask him to drive her about the place ; that he might never more hear that dear kind voice that had first called him into the house, the night that he had crouched by the tree for shelter from the

storm, the dear voice that had never addressed him but with kindness and gentleness.

Sarah and the cook tried their best to raise his spirits, for they liked him so much that they could not bear to see his merry face clouded, and Pat would talk over and over again to them of the goodness of his dear young lady, and finish by a hearty cry without even attempting to hide his emotion in a whistle.

Through all the delirium of fever Coralie knew her sister's voice, and had always a smile for her, if her mind wandered the next minute; and poor little Rosalie kept up bravely, and made strong efforts to control herself.

When Mrs. Morton, who staid there and assisted Honor in nursing Coralie, would advise her to go out of the room and walk about, else she would make herself ill, she would go at once. It was the fear that if she were ill, she could be of no use to her sister, that urged her to obedience. But for this motive they could not have induced her to leave the bed-



side; and this argument never failed. Even Arthur could never draw her into a game with him; she would sit by him holding his hand, oftentimes the tears stealing quietly down her cheeks, and Arthur in his childish way would strive to comfort her.

And Ernest, too—how he missed his little cousin, missed her bright smile and watchful care for his comfort. He thought of her fear for him in his sickness, and knew well, none could know better, that there could be no fear for her if death came. Only there was the sad, sad thought, that he might have made her young life so much happier. When away from the room he could see her continually before him, as she lay upon the bed, her cheeks glowing with fever, often asleep, yet with her hands clasped, repeating portions of hymns or snatches of prayers, or calling to her papa; thinking and talking as if she were in her own home; yet always speaking in affectionate and gentle tones, and with so much love in her heart for everybody, that it touched the young

man more than any thing could have done, and made him wish, oh, how earnestly, that she might get well, that he might show her how he loved her.

She had been ill for about a fortnight, when one day he was sitting near her. He often sat and watched her now. Rosalie was on the bed, close by her sister, watching too ; when Coralie looked at her sister, and said, quite distinctly—

“Rose.”

Rosalie’s lip quivered. She took hold of her hand.

“Rosie dear, I have been very sick.”

“Very sick, Cora ; but you are going to get well now, and stay with me.”

“I would like to stay with you, dear.”

“O Cora ! it has been so lonely !”

“Yes, it has been lonely enough,” said Ernest. “We must get you well soon. Wouldn’t you like to go about, and see how strangely every thing looks—see Wynn in a snow-storm?”

“I would like to get well, if I may. Please, Rosie, say the prayer for me. It all goes away when I try to think of it.”

Rosalie knelt by her. Coralie’s eyes were turned beseechingly on her cousin.

“Cousin Ernest, just this once, before—”

He knelt down by Rosalie, and heard her repeat the Lord’s Prayer, with a strange feeling of awe in his heart.

Coralie looked after him with a happy smile, as he left the room.



## CHAPTER IX.

CORALIE got well slowly, but surely. Doctor Conover, who had been sent for when she was taken ill, said that if any child ought to get well, Coralie was that one; for she had been carefully watched by the best nurses that any one ever had. The kind old man was himself delighted, for he had scarce expected that she would recover; and he went about the house, the day that he revealed the good news, shaking hands with every one he met. Seeing Pat by the door, as he was taking his departure, he took hold of the boy's hands and shook them with such heartiness that Pat felt his arms ache up to the shoulders; but he thought that a mere trifle, and would have borne it, no one knows how long, had not his feelings of delight made him really burst out a-crying.

"Pshaw! you're a goose, Pat," said the doctor, his own face getting so suspiciously red that one might have thought he was on the verge of following the boy's example, if he had not immediately begun to blow his nose very severely, and say that they kept the house as hot as an oven.

"So I am that same, sir; but I'm obliged to you, doctor, for taking the good care of Miss Cora."

"Nonsense!" Here the doctor applied his pocket handkerchief to one portion of his face again, and hurried away.

Pat saw Mr. Ernest at the top of the stairs, as he turned around, and he began a little whistle, accordingly, to hide his feelings; but it was a very ridiculous one, and Ernest said, good naturedly—

"No matter, Pat; you'll be able to get it off beautifully in a day or two."

He was able to get it off, though, that very afternoon; for he retired into the cellar, where he knew he could not disturb his young lady,

and acquitted himself much to his own satisfaction, as well as the cook's, who said to him, when he emerged from his concealment—

“That was something like, now.”

Coralie had not thought Mrs. Morton so really loved her, till she heard her say—when the doctor was telling her Coralie would get well—in a low voice of intense thankfulness, as she leaned over her—

“Thank God! my precious child!”

As Coralie recovered, Mr. Somerville once more started the subject of their return to town. The winter had fairly set in, and it was within a week of the holidays. It was afternoon, and he was talking with his wife and son of the most expeditious mode of getting moved and settled in a week. The children were at the parsonage—the first visit they had made there since Coralie's recovery.

Ernest listened to all his father had to say, arose from his chair, walked to the window, looked out, took a turn about the room and came back to his seat again.

"I think, father," said he, "I would like to stay at Wynn this winter, if my mother can find it endurable here. It would be no harm to try it, at any rate. I am somewhat disabled yet, and cannot go out much." He looked ruefully at his lame arm.

"Upon my word, you surprise me," said Mr. Somerville, gazing with undisguised astonishment at his son.

"Certainly, Ernest, if you wish it, we'll stay; though I warn you, it will be intolerably stupid."

"Well, Charlotte, we can but try it, as Ernest says; besides, I am not sure but it would be better for the children."

"That reminds me, Ernest," said Mrs. Somerville, glancing at the clock, "that you promised to go for the children, and it is about time now."

Ernest had that moment been thinking of the same thing; and Thomas—punctual as usual—just as Mrs. Somerville spoke, drove up to the door.

Truly a marvellous change—that the aunt, who, of old, scarce thought of the little girls, and often had seemed to forget that they were in the house, should actually remember that they were out and must be sent for!

The truth was, Mrs. Somerville was so devotedly fond of her son, that any thing in which he took pleasure was also her pleasure; and, seeing his altered manner to the children, his growing affection for them, and his sadness and anxiety when Coralie was ill, began to notice and to talk to them more. And she found them affectionate, and grateful for any attention she might bestow. Nor could she forget the many hours that Coralie had watched by her son's bedside. She was fast feeling a new pleasure in being at home—in having them with her; and a double pleasure in her son's altered manner, and thoughtful regard for her comfort.

So this afternoon she had actually noticed the children's absence, and had been the first to speak of their return. Begging Ernest to



put on his overcoat, and shawl also, for it was cold, and not to keep the children too late—an admonition that Mr. Somerville seconded—she allowed him to depart. Pat was upon the steps, jumping from one foot to the other, and swinging his arms about him to keep warm.

“Oh, there you are, Pat! Well, I suppose you would like to ride down to the parsonage.”

Pat smiled beamingly at this, and gave a succession of nods, as he said—

“Yes, sir.”

“Jump up by Thomas, then.”

Pat scarcely waited for permission before he was in the seat, and away they went. Ernest had never seen Wynn parsonage, the place he had heard so much of from his young cousins. It was cold and bleak to-day; but the warm light of a blazing fire within, and the group seated around it—which he could distinctly see as he stopped at the gate—was a very cheerful contrast to the gloom without. But

he was not gazing so intently at the group, as to prevent his seeing a girl standing by the gate, who was beckoning to Pat.

"Who is that wants to speak to you, Pat?"

"It's a girl, sir."

"Well, I know that; but who is it?"

"Betsey Harper, sir. She's a girl that my young ladies know. She attends the Sunday-school, and maybe has come to ask about Miss Coralie."

Ernest called to her, and asked her what she wanted.

"I came to see her. I've been a-looking in the window at her—Miss Coralie, I mean. I ran all the way down here, for I knew she was coming to-day, 'cause Mrs. Morton said so, yesterday. I was so glad to know she was well, that I wanted to look at her. It's very late, but mother wouldn't let me off before. I brought these, but they got smashed on the way." And Betsey took out from under her shawl two broken eggs, and gazed at them with a doleful countenance. "They are fresh,

one yesterday and the other to-day; and I had to work hard to get 'em, too, 'cause, you see, mother calculated to sell all the eggs. And now they're broke!"

"That is unfortunate, indeed," said Ernest, striving not to smile, as he looked at Betsey's deplorable face. "How did you break them?"

"Well you see, sir, it is so cold, that I put 'em under my shawl to keep 'em warm, and I rather guess I gave 'em a squeeze while I was running. And they ain't of any use now."

"So you came all the way down here this cold afternoon, my good girl, to look at Miss Coralie. Come up to the house with me, and you shall see her."

Mr. Morton had now noticed the arrival of the carriage, and came out to welcome Ernest. They took Betsey with them into the parlor, where Ernest, after a hearty welcome from Mrs. Morton and the children, related the story of the eggs and Betsey's distress. It was ample reward to Betsey for her loss, to see Coralie's bright smile once more, and feel her

hand in hers, and to be thanked so prettily for her kindness.

She made great friends afterwards with Pat in the kitchen, and was altogether in high spirits, although she reminded Pat that he had never yet kept his promise, of letting her draw the wagon. Pat's promise that she should do so next year, when the warm weather came again, pacified her.

"When I heard that Miss Coralie was so ill," said Betsey, "I nigh about cried my eyes out; and I used to come down here every day to hear how she was, for I did not dare to go near the house, I was so afraid to hear about it there, and there was no one I knew to ask. I used to think those days that my dream, I told you once, was coming true, that Miss Coralie *was going off far away from us all.*"

The children in the parlor had a good frolic, and Ernest was surprised to see Rosalie acting as unlike as possible the quiet child she was at home. Mrs. Morton's sweet motherly face, and her thanks to him for bringing the chil-

dren to her, and Arthur's delight, were very pleasant things to see and hear.

"You must let us see them often now, for we will have them such a few days; I understand your father purposes leaving Wynn within a week."

"That reminds me, Mrs. Morton," said Ernest, taking Coralie up as he spoke, to place her in the carriage—for they had now got on their bonnets, and were ready to depart; "my father has concluded not to return to the city this winter. We think of trying Wynn the remainder of the season, and Master Arthur may have Rosie for a playmate, and to help him keep his Christmas too."

Arthur gave a shout that rang through the house.

"O Cousin Ernest!" said both children, at once.

"We are not to lose our children then, Mary. That is pleasant news for us," said Mr. Morton.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Somerville," replied Mrs.

Morton. "How shall I thank you? I had not hoped for this."

"I know who did it. It was very kind of you, Cousin Ernest," said Cora.

"What a child she is!" said Ernest, laughing, and hurrying very fast out to the carriage, refusing the oft-repeated offer of Mr. Morton to carry her, for that gentleman thought him in danger of injuring his arm. Ernest assured him there was nothing to fear, for that he had become accustomed to carrying this troublesome child some days.

Coralie knew that he liked to take her himself, for at home now he had taken Honor's place; so she only smiled when he called her a troublesome child.

They took Betsey with them, and when they arrived at the house, Ernest requested Thomas to take her to her home. She would have been in a great state of pride at going home "so grand," as she expressed it, only the satisfaction of having sat by Miss Coralie the first part of the ride far outweighed the other feeling.

As for little Arthur Morton, he was so delighted at not losing his dear Rosie, that he hardly waited for them to depart, before he ran away to Margery with the news, that Cousin Rosie was going to stay all the rest of the time, forever, with them, and help him dress the church with Christmas greens. "I think, Margery," said he, "that mamma's prayer for the little orphans came right, don't you?"

"How, old gentleman?"

"Why, you see, instead of having no mother at all, my mother is a mother to them, 'cause I heard Rosie say so; and there's that big tall gentleman—he is good to them, too; and then their uncle, too, he's so very kind—"

"That he is a mother to them, too, I suppose," said Margery, laughing.

"Now, Margery, if you are laughing at me, I will go away. You make me cross." And Arthur puckered up his lip, and moved away from her. "No, I won't, either; I'll stay here," said he.

"Dear heart! it isn't going to be cross to its own Margery. I will be as solemn as an owl now—I will, dear old man; so go on."

"Well," said Arthur, recovering his good-humor, "I only want to know if you don't think it has all come right, through mamma's prayer. I have said it every night, I think; and when Cousin Coralie was so very sick—the time that mamma thought she never would get well—you know, the time you cried so in my curls—well, I said it then, too; so you see, the prayer made it right, after all."

Margery said, "Yes, she thought it must have been the prayer;" and she lifted the boy up on the table, and brought his face near her own.

"But, Margery, I said it for you, too. You know you're an orphan—and I don't know whether it has come right, but I suppose it has."

"Yes, dear, of course it has. Your dear mamma has been a mother to me, and taught me all the good I know—the greater shame to



me, that does not know more. So my boy does not forget his own Margery ; and I know his prayers will be heard."

"Well, that one has come right, too," said Arthur. "Now, Margery, put me down—I want to go away. Do you know the reason I would not go away before?"

Margery said "she had no idea what it was."

"Because Rosie told me, whenever I felt cross with any persons, to stay by them till it went over—until I felt pleasant again. I believe I am pleasant now, and I would like to go back to the parlor. If you would like to squeeze my head, you had better do it now, for I'm in a hurry."

Margery's opinion was, "that he was decidedly good-humored at present ;" and, having taken the curly head in her arms, and given it such a kiss and squeeze as only Margery ever gave, she put him down, and he trotted off to the parlor.

WHAT an excitement there was at Wynn during the next week, to be sure! Cousin Ernest suddenly became well enough to go to town with his father, and returned, after two days' absence, with innumerable parcels, of all shapes and sizes.

"Coralie," said Rose, coming to her, after having looked on with amazement at the wonderful display on the table in the library, "it is very good of Cousin Ernest to do so much for us. I was glad when he came home to-day. Is it not strange that we should like him so much, after all?"

"We are getting better acquainted, and are all more used to each other. How much we would miss him now!"

"Do you know, Cora, I think it is you that have made Cousin Ernest so much nicer."

"O Rose! what a funny idea!"

"Well, Cora," said Rosalie, with some deliberation, "I do think so. He was very sad





Pat's Christmas

Coralie and Rosalie.

when you were sick; and, Cora, he said one day to me, that he would take care of me always, and I know it was because he thought so much of you."

"And of you, too, Rosie dear."

Rosalie was doubtful on this point; but in the end she allowed herself to be persuaded that Coralie was right, and that it was for love of them both.

Christmas eve, Mr. Somerville had the presents all arranged on the dining-room table; and then every one in the house was called in, and the gifts were distributed. There had not been such a Christmas keeping in the house since Ernest's boyhood. There were presents for every one—for Honor, for the cook, for Thomas, for Sarah, and for Pat—and each one found it was exactly what he or she had been wishing for. Pat opened a parcel, and found a new suit of blue clothes, with shining brass buttons; and as he unfolded it, he found a package, neatly tied, inside of it. When he opened that, there was a beautiful

Bible, with his own name written in the front. Such a delighted countenance as Pat's was, that night! Honor said, "a real Christmas face."

The children had dolls and toys, work-boxes and books, sugar-plums—in short, every thing that Cousin Ernest could think of, he had brought home for them. He had not forgotten two Bibles, which Coralie had asked him to bring her. They were for Betsey and Susan. She had heard Betsey wishing for one of her own once, and had wanted a long time to get it for her.

There was a pile of toys for Arthur Morton, that Pat was to carry to the parsonage as soon as the present-seeing was over with.

In the exciting scene, Ernest was the first to notice Coralie's look of fatigue, and advised her to let him take her up-stairs.

"I thank you very much, Cousin Ernest, for your beautiful presents; but I want something more. I wish you would promise me one thing," said Coralie, when they were out of the room.

“What, you little creature?”

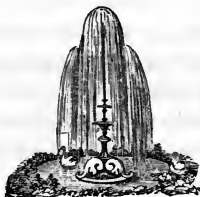
“To go to church to-morrow. Do, dear Cousin Ernest. I wish it so very much!”

“You are a good little creature, Coralie, and I suppose I cannot refuse you.”

Coralie held her two arms tight about his neck for an instant, and said—

“That is a dear, kind Cousin Ernest.”

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## CHAPTER X.

COLD and clear was the Christmas morning at Wynn. The little church had not, in Coralie's recollection, been so well filled. The children thought it more like the Christmas-day at their own home, for their aunt and uncle, as well as Ernest, accompanied them to church, making it seem like one family; very different was it from the same day last year, in the house in town.

Cousin Ernest had, the night before, induced his father to promise that the children should spend the day at Mr. Morton's; for he knew that the arrangement would be a great pleasure to his little cousins. Mr. Somerville thought that the children ought to stay at home on Christmas-day, and Ernest had to do a deal of coaxing before he could get his



father to agree to his proposal; and when he gave his consent, it was only on condition that they should come home before dark, and spend the evening with their own family. This was indeed more than the children expected; but Ernest arranged it all so nicely, and said it was to be so—and that settled it.

After service, they went home with Arthur and Mrs. Morton. Coralie had been somewhat excited, and Mrs. Morton advised her to keep very quiet, and would not allow her to go to prayers in the afternoon, telling her she must lie on the sofa while they were gone, and try to get a nap. Before going to church, Mrs. Morton opened the door that led to the kitchen from the dining-room, and told Coralie that Mag was sitting there, and if she wanted any thing, to call her. Coralie thought she did not feel tired; still it seemed pleasant to lie there and watch the fire, and think how delightful the day had been. She closed her eyes, it seemed to her for only a few moments; but when she opened them, on hearing a slight

noise, she saw Mrs. Morton sitting in the room. She had her bonnet off, and was much amused at Coralie's astonishment at her having returned so soon.

"I am inclined to think," she said, "you have had the little nap I advised. Margery says she looked in three or four times. Arthur urged his papa to take them for a walk: so I came in the mean time to stay with you."

Coralie could not but laugh at herself about her nap.

"I suppose I must have been asleep, Mrs. Morton," she said, "but it seems such a few minutes since you went away! I was lying here, thinking how pleasant it all was, and how very nice it was to be here with you to-day; and then I shut my eyes, and tried to fancy that I was in our own parlor. I rather think it was at that time that I fell asleep. It is so different from last Christmas-day—the one in town. There we felt so lonesome and so sad, though Uncle Charles gave us plenty of toys. I was afraid we never would be

happy; but it is all so nice now, and to be near you! It seemed so pleasant to be here before I had that odd nap; but when I opened my eyes and saw you sitting by me, it was so much pleasanter. It makes me feel so much more comfortable! Such a nice Christmas-day!"

"And how are the old wishes, my love?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Well, I don't care to think about all that; even now, when I get very cross, I say the words you gave me, and then if I think of them the feeling goes over. And after all, if I had not got sick we would not have come to Wynn, and never would have known you, nor Arthur, nor Mr. Morton. I think it is better than walking. Oh, yes! very much better. Did you see my Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Charles at church, and Cousin Ernest, too? So like Christmas to see all at church. Aunty said it was good to see all the family going."

Mrs. Morton had noticed it all, and expressed her pleasure at the sight. Coralie was delighted

to hear that she was pleased, and did not forget to tell about their goodness to her, of Cousin Ernest's kindness to them both, and of his promise to go to church that day.

"Still, dear Mrs. Morton, I do not know what we should have done without you; you made it so much easier for me to bear things. Now we do like home very much, because Uncle Charles does so much for us, and every one is so kind—"

"That I fear my little girls are in some danger now of being spoiled by indulgence."

"I had not thought of that," said Coralie.

"No, love, I dare say not; but it is best to be watchful."

Here Mr. Morton came in with the children. He sat down by Coralie, and taking Arthur on one knee and Rosalie on the other, begun to tell about their walk, and before he got half through, Cousin Ernest came for his cousins to go home. Rosalie said the only fault she found in the day was its shortness. Ernest

waited long enough for them to sing the Christmas hymn—

“While shepherds watch’d their flocks by night.”

Mrs. Morton accompanied them on the piano while they all sang. Arthur got his Prayer-book, a Christmas present, and the first one he ever had, and stood up by his papa. Ernest thought it very pleasant to hear, and wished he knew it well enough to join them. Afterwards Arthur was reminded by his mamma to thank Mr. Somerville for the beautiful toys which he had sent him, which he did very prettily; and he also said, “I wanted to play with them to-day, but papa and mamma said it was better to wait until to-morrow.”

“Well, have you passed a happy day, Cora?” said Ernest, when he was carrying her to her room that night.

“Yes; so happy, Cousin Ernest, so very happy.”

“Well, will it make you any happier if I promise to go to church every Sunday?” He said this in a whisper.

“Oh! will you? It has all come right after all—O Cousin Ernest!”

He did not speak again just then, but as he placed her in a chair in the room, there was something of reverence in his manner towards her as he kissed her on her forehead. Then he leaned against the mantel-piece, and looking down on her he said, “There is nothing else you want to make you happy? How about walking—would you not like to be able to walk?”

“I think I would, but it is better than walking to have every thing so pleasant, Cousin Ernest, and Mrs. Morton’s text is the best cure for that trouble.”

“Just let me hear it before I go, little cousin.”

“‘Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good.’”

“O Coralie, little Cousin Coralie,” said he, looking down on her; then hearing a step he added, “Ah, there is Rosie. Now, Rosie, if you will give me a kiss, and tell me that you

have had a happy Christmas, I will go down stairs. I know Honor is not far behind, for I can hear her shaking the house with her heavy tread upon the stairs." Rosalie willingly gave the kiss, and as willingly said she had spent a happy day.

It was so bright a night, the moon shining so very clearly, that Honor proposed that they should open the blinds, that they might enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Pat just put his head in at the door to say good-night, and the children asked him to come in to talk all about the day at Mr. Morton's, and to hear Pat's glowing account of their pleasant time, of the beauty of the church, with its wreaths of green about the walls, and to give Betsey's and Susan's thanks to the young ladies for the presents they had sent them. He was very joyous.

"Indeed then, miss dear," he said, looking about the room, "it seems the very same, the night, now, as in the city where we used to sit together, and Miss Cora used to tell about the

grand plans for doing things when she got big, and about being a sister of charity."

"Ah, Pat, it is different, because I have concluded not to think of it any more, because Mrs. Morton showed me that it was not right to be looking forward to that, but to be contented with things as they are, trying to do the little good we could around us. And I don't know,—I think I have tried to do so. I hope I have. Rosie, dear, I suppose it is very good to do that when we grow up, but it is not right, Mrs. Morton thinks, to live so in the future."

"Ay, my pets," said Honor.

"Indeed, miss dear, it's I that knows it, and haven't both of ye'es been a doing for a poor, ignorant fellow like myself, iver since your two dear selves brought me out of the cold storm, a poor wandering boy? And you teachd me from your own dear lips all the good I iver knew, till I came to this place, when the minister, thanks to his kindness, tried to teach such a dunce as myself."



"O Cora, you are a dear good girl, and we are very happy now, but I cannot help wishing you could walk a little."

"'Tis better than walking. I told Mrs. Morton so, to-day."

Rosalie cannot say that, but she adds, "I will try to do better, Cora. We are with so many kind friends, it is easier to be good now that we are happy. Dear old aunty, we will never forget our first friend ;" and Rosalie climbed into her lap, and covered her wrinkled face with kisses.

"Aunty knows that, Rosie," said her sister.

"O miss, dear, I can do nothing for ye'es, it is too cold to drive the little carriage, and so—"

"You must not say that, Pat. You are always kind. What should we have done without you?"

"O Miss Cora dear! thank you for that same, and I wish it was more."

Pat gives a little whistle to hide the tremble in his voice, and tries very hard to look sol-

emn; but he does not succeed at all, for his eyes laugh so, that his face soon feels it and goes into its sunshine, do what he will to keep it back. After Pat had gone, they sat quite still for awhile. Then Coralie asked Honor if it is not nice to have all their happiness about Christmas time.

The bright moon streams into the room, and falls on Coralie as she sits with Rosie's head in her lap. As she raises her head, Honor sees the bright eyes softened with a quiet solemnity. This, and the light shining on her head, for an instant almost startle the old woman. She murmurs a blessing on her darlings, and prays that God will keep them always as now, unspotted from the world.

On returning to the parlor from his cousins' room, Ernest found that his father and mother were talking about the children.

"I wish she could run about as Rosie does," said Mr. Somerville, and these were the first words that he heard. "I cannot see how she stands it; though she doesn't stand it after all,

does she?" Here Mr. Somerville stopped talking a moment to laugh at his own witticism. "Doctor Conover thinks there is very little hope of her recovery. Poor little patient thing!"

"They are certainly odd little things; but here is Ernest, who seems to have taken a fancy to them at last, even with all their oddities," said Mrs. Somerville, looking at her son. "I feel quite used to them now myself."

"Odd as they are, Honor says no person has better children than her babies; and Pat said to me to-day: 'Sure, sir, there is no nicer young ladies in the United Country than *my* young ladies.' They've fairly snuggled themselves into the minister's family, too," said Mr. Somerville. "That Cora is the exact counterpart of her father. He was a good fellow—so full of energy and earnestness."

"What a curious idea of theirs," said Mrs. Somerville. "Honor was telling me about it to-day. I believe she came in my room for

the express purpose of talking about them. She says they have talked, ever since they have been with us, about being sisters of charity when they are grown up."

"Who ever heard of such a thing? What an idea for the children to get in their heads!" cried Mr. Somerville.

"It is my opinion, father, they will not have to wait until they are women, for that has already come to pass."

"Their father over again," added Mr. Somerville. "I don't know what you think of it, Charlotte, but it seems queer to me to see those children an example for all of us;—yes, they certainly are sisters of charity,—our little Coralie and Rosalie!"

"That is true enough, father,—in their kindness and love for others. Mother dear, I fear it is we that are the most odd, not to understand them better;" and Coralie's words, "It will all come right at last," came into Ernest's mind, as he arose and handed his mother her candle.

She looked at him earnestly.

"You are very fond of Coralie, Ernest."

"You are right about that, mother. How can one know her, and not be fond of her, and respect her, too?"

"The fact is, I do too, and there is no use in denying it," said Mr. Somerville, stoutly. "'Tis wonderful how fond one gets of children, having them in the house. All I hope is, that no one will spoil them. Ernest, remember you are not quite as strong as a lion yet, and must not sit up late. Good-night, my boy."

---

Mrs. Morton is in Arthur's room, standing by his bed.

"Good-night, dearest mamma," he says. "Tell papa it is as bright as if it was day, and I will have to say over the Christmas hymn till I can get asleep. I hope Rosie and Cora see the bright moon to-night."

“ ‘ While shepherds watch’d their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.’ ”

“ And glory shone around,” repeated Arthur ;  
“ as the moon is shining now, mamma.  
Please to tell Margery to look out at it.”

Instead of drawing the curtains and lighting the lamp, as she had at first intended, Mrs. Morton, when she went down, stood by the window, gazing upon the quiet scene without, thinking of Arthur’s innocent voice and of the line he had just repeated to her. She did not hear her husband’s step, or notice that he had entered the room, until he was by her side.

“ I have been up to Arthur,” said he, “ to say good-night. He is lying very quietly—he says, ‘ putting himself to sleep with his hymn.’ ”

“ Yes, the dear boy ; he has been very good to-day, and so pleased to have the little girls here. I feel more like saying *our* two little girls, for I consider them as part mine. I am

so thankful for Coralie's recovery,—the patient-tempered child!"

"Yet her illness has been a benefit to Rosalie. It has taught her to rely more on herself, and to conquer that timidity which was so painful to witness," said Mr. Morton. "And it has brought out, too, so much affection and kindness from their relations, that one could hardly wish it had been otherwise. We know too, Mary dear, that it is all for the best, whichever way it is. They have done so much good in the class by their example, by their attention to their lessons, and their wish to do right. I pray God that I may strive to do my duty towards our sweet little sisters of charity. When I saw Betsey Harper with her new Bible to day, and knew her wish and determination to study it, and witnessed the improvement in her; and the boy Pat, with his love and respect for his young ladies, and their teaching him so well; and when I saw, too, for the first time, all the Somerville family at church this morning, and Coralie sitting

among them with her happy, earnest face—the promise came forcibly to my mind, ‘They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.’ ”











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